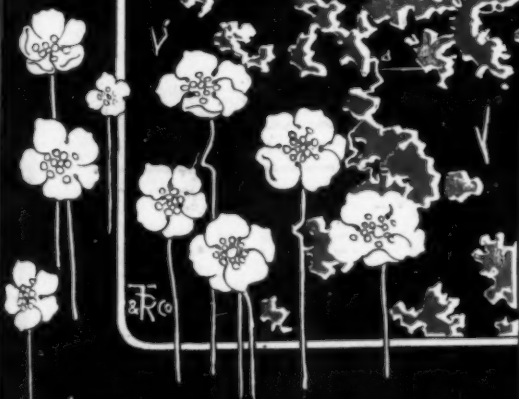


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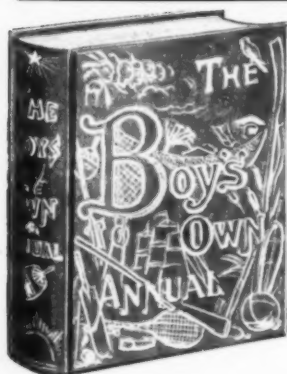
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*From the painting by M. Nonnendörfer*

## IPHIGENIA

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# The Museum at Koonaworra

BY ETHEL TURNER

AUTHOR OF "SEVEN LITTLE AUSTRALIANS"

**M**R. JAMES CAPPER, station-owner and science-lover, had spent a couple of thousand pounds in endowing and maintaining in Koonaworra what the inhabitants proudly referred to as their "Museum."

It was a modest, brown, weather-board structure, with a red-painted, iron roof and ecclesiastically-shaped windows, filled in with stained glass. Two or three rooms sufficed to hold the exhibits; at the front there was a porch containing two turnstiles, entrance and exit, a large rack where they kept one's umbrella or stick in trust, and acknowledged the indebtedness with a brass numbered coin, and a ponderous visitor's book that swung round as the writer listed.

There were in Koonaworra people who were prouder of that porch than of any of the exhibits in the inner rooms. It was "just like a real museum's," said those venerated travelled ones, who at some happy period of their lives had crossed the great hills that bounded in the little town, and had penetrated where lay the sunrise and Sydney and all glad things.

One of the rooms was devoted to things Australian, for the lover of stones and sticks and the like had wanted to foster an interest for the gathering and noticing of them among the people in the place. There were samples of the woods of the district—the various gum-trees, iron-barks, ti-trees polished out of all recognition, and thereby exciting disbelief in the souls of the young ones who had grown up among the rough, bark-covered specimens. There were stuffed animals—a fine kangaroo, a wallaby, a group of wallaroos; opossums hanging by their tails to natural branches, native cats, a Tasmanian devil; snakes of all sorts, from the harmless but dreadful-looking "green-tree," seven feet long, to the brown little thing that bore the label "death adder"; birds in cases, arranged with great care—an emu, a pelican, two glorious lyre-birds, parroquets of many kinds, cockatoos, the coachman, bell-bird—specimens of every kind that had had the bush to themselves

before any "foreign importations" took place.

The natives of the district regarded this room with a friendly contempt, and usually hurried their visitors swiftly through it, so that there might be plenty of time for inspecting the other sections.

At the most they would pause for a moment at the kangaroo, to relate how Billy Jackson of Toonarbin had shot him after five days' hunting, and how Mr. Capper had given ten shillings for the carcass; or to point with backward thumb to an artistically-coiled brown snake as "him as bit Joe Brown's boy, but Joe cracked its back, and the stericine stuff made him o.k. in an hour."

Where kangaroos were so common that they were used occasionally for soups and stews; where parrots were shot for pies, and every settler's family had personal stories to tell of snake encounters, what value could be attached to things of such a kind?

But who had not thrilled with pride and pleasure at the exhibits in the other rooms—the undersized jaguar, the moth-eaten tiger, the sharks, the whale, birds of strange plumage, stones and shells of foreign lands?

Little Jack Edwards, who, though he was eight, did not go to school yet, since he was delicate, used to spend half his days wandering in these two rooms, resting his head against the tiger, and carried into thick jungles by the smell of its skin, gazing at the whale that bore him on to the shouting seas, brooding over the cases of shells and coins and curios.

He was a dreamy lad with dull blue eyes, a sallow skin, and thin, nervous lips. He walked in a hesitating fashion, kept out of every one's way, and was well known to be mortally afraid of every dog and cow in the place.

Trouble had lately fallen upon the cottage where he lived. Drought had killed his father's crops, and a storm of hail destroyed the anxiously-watched fruit. It was the last straw after three bad seasons and a series of other troubles, and the man gave

## The Museum at Koonaworra

in at last. The holder of the mortgage over the farm foreclosed, and the family had now less than a week to stay on in the old home.

Mrs. Edwards was a nervous, sensitive woman, reared far too delicately for a position such as she had fallen upon. She was the daughter of the same Mr. Capper who had endowed the little museum, but in marrying a poor farmer of the district in direct opposition to her father's commands, she had been put entirely out of his life. He still lived on quite alone at the station which lay some twelve miles out of Koonaworra, filling in his time with the management of his large estate and his scientific hobbies. He just knew that his daughter had children—puny, miserable little things he called them contemptuously when some one pointed them out to him at one of the annual shows. But the young farmer had made the home for his wife so pretty with creepers and garden, rustic seats and smoothly-rolled grass and paths, that to any one riding by occasionally, which was all Mr. Capper ever did, the place had an air of sunshiny prosperity that was distinctly vexatious when one had prophesied complete ruin within a year or two.

After eight years, rumours of his son-in-law's misfortunes reached him occasionally, but Edwards was not the man to whine, and would have died rather than have asked the old man up at the station or allowed his wife to ask for one penny towards the debts.

The old squatter was a man of curious disposition; he would have forgiven them both long before—if they had come and begged him to do so. He would actually have enjoyed the pleasure of giving in gracefully after a certain amount of entreaty, and would have paid the debts and started the unfortunate pair afresh with the greatest liberality.

True, he had refused their first overtures, having decided a year was the least time in which he could unbend. But at the end of that time they no longer asked his forgiveness; they went their own way and fought their own fight, and he stood by chagrined, taken aback.

He went to England twice, he visited various other portions of the globe, returning each time with fresh treasures for his museum; when little Jack chattered eagerly at the farm of the tiger and the whale his mother smiled bitterly, knowing it was the

money she would have had that was thus squandered.

True, some one said the back legs of the tiger were very much moth-eaten, and the jaguar was not half the size of the one in the Sydney Zoo, but at the least they had cost what would have paid the year's interest on the mortgage that lay like an inky pall over the poor, sunny little farm.

Just returned from India—with a panther and various other stuffed remains of animals—Mr. Capper had not yet heard of the fresh misfortunes at the farm. When he rode past the smiling, green-bowered place, he swore at the obstinacy of a daughter who thus forced him to a lonely old age.

Ten miles away from the farm John Edwards was working doggedly and single-handed at the rough house that must shelter his wife and family for the present. Around him lay thirty acres of hopeless-looking ground—his free selection.

At the farm Helen, his wife, sat huddled up in a great arm-chair, her youngest baby clasped to her, her blue eyes, apathetic, gazing straight before her. At her feet played two tiny girls of three and four. Jack, his coat off, was clearing away the breakfast things, and tidying the little dining-room in a silent, pre-occupied fashion.

His slight shoulders seemed to have bent in a strange, old-man way during these last few sad days; there was a hunted, terrified look in his eyes, if any one had had the time to notice; his face was thin, the hands that held the big broom trembled from time to time. The spectacle of his family's misfortune had been too much for him; he felt crushed, broken beneath it.

Three days ago a lightning flash had shown him a way by which he considered all the troubles might be swept away at one swift stroke. The stroke was a terrible one, a terrifying one, and one he must make entirely by himself. Again and again he put the thing away from him shudderingly; told himself he could not, would not do it; till the sight of his father's dull hopelessness, his mother's misery, the helplessness of the tiny girls and baby, brought a flame to his pale cheeks and a hot courage to his heart.

He had resolved to steal, for the benefit of his family, the great shining nugget, the El Dorado that stood in section three of the museum, beneath a glass case, and was marked with the bald statement, "Found by Graham and Burke in Koonaworra Creek, 1854. Value £500."

## The Museum at Koonaworra

The glittering thing had exercised a species of fascination over him. Day after day on his visits he had crept up to the case and gazed at it, all his heart in his eyes. Five hundred pounds! That was just the sum his father had said was needed to pay off all debts and start the farm again.

"Mother," he said, as he finished the last of his tasks, "do you want me this morning?"

The question would have sounded like "don't you want me?" to any one less engrossed than Mrs. Edwards, so yearning was the voice.

The mother roused herself a moment. "Not if you have finished, dear," she said. "I suppose you want to go down to the museum—well, you will not have many more chances, so off you go."

Jack's shoulders drooped a little more sadly; he had almost hoped he would have been sternly set to weed the garden, or chop fire-wood—to do anything that would put off that dark deed that he must commit.

He pulled his old straw-hat over his eyes and set out. Even up to as late as last night a faint hope had lingered that he might be prevented in some way from doing this thing. It had occurred to him suddenly that his father, his grave, good, upright father would not make use of the great nugget, even if it were stolen for him and put into his hands.

But last night the talk around the tea-table had been of the bank robbery that had taken place two nights ago, and with which the place was ringing. Some one during the night had broken into the little bank and got clear away with a great nugget that had just been unearthed, and that promised to make Koonaworra famous again. It had been lying ready to go to Sydney on the morrow. The police were confounded, and up to date had not, it seemed, the slightest clue.

"Some men are born lucky," Mr. Edwards said, cutting bread-and-butter for one of the little girls. "Why didn't I get the chance?"



HER BLUE EYES, APATHETIC, GAZING STRAIGHT BEFORE HER

With a nugget like that to melt down we would have laughed at the mortgages, eh, little woman?"

But Mrs. Edwards was not in the mood for light talk, and made no reply.

"Would you have broken in if you'd had the chance, father?" said a hoarse little voice from the end of the table.

The farmer was too busy shaving the crusts off Tottie's slices of bread to notice the extreme anxiety in his eldest son's eyes.

"Why, rather, Jackie," he said. "Don't you think father would look well in a black mask, with a revolver in one hand and a poker in the other? I must certainly take to the trade, eh, Emmie, for there is nothing in farming."

But Jackie had slipped miserably away from the table before his mother's answer came.

On the fateful morning, he crept down the principal street of the small town so

## The Museum at Koonaworra

wretched that even when the butcher's formidable mastiff came after him and barked he hardly hurried his pace. In his hand he carried a striped canvas bag, and at the grocer's he turned in to buy three pennyworth of onions, as bidden by his mother. He had decided they would be excellent things to strew upon his nugget.

A hundred yards further and he was at the museum. A rusty-looking widow was the caretaker of the little place. Her husband had first held the post, but he had died and left her so badly provided for that Mr. Capper had felt forced to allow her to stay on and manage or mismanage the place as she thought fit. It was her carelessness over the locking of the cases that had first made little Jack's thoughts run on carrying off the *El Dorado*. He slipped in through the turnstile and wandered through the deserted rooms, just as he had done, day after day, for years. The widow, and in former days her husband, had grown so used to him, they paid no more attention to his comings and goings than if he had been a fly. But this morning, guilt throbbing at his heart, the moment there sounded from the porch the caretaker's voice talking to some other woman he crept from the Australian section. In the dark corner of the next room his old friend the jaguar seemed to invite him to a haven of security; he carried his trembling limbs across the floor, crept beneath the great body and crouched down on the further side.

The woman came hurriedly into the room and flung a hasty glance round. Jack recognised her friend as the wife of the new hotel-keeper who had just come to the town.

"No, you see it's quite safe, Mrs. Snedden," she said. "I can easy get away; why, bless you, it's not once in a month we have a soul here in the morning. But I'll just shut the winders down and turn the key, and then it'll be all right."

"Well, I'll be glad if you can, and that's a fact," said the lady addressed; "that bar floor wants scrubbing shameful, and not a soul could I hear of to do it. All the same, I don't want to get you into a row for leaving this place."

The widow went on shutting the windows. "Bless you," she said, "I often take a bit of work like this on the quiet, and the old gent never knows. He lives ten mile out. Widders with orphans can't afford to refuse an extry job when it comes and offers."

The new-comer looked sympathetic. "How did you lose him?" she said. "I hope he weren't one in that mine explosion I was hearin' of the other night."

"He was killed by a whale, Mrs. Snedden, that's what he were," said the widow, not without pride.

Mrs. Snedden looked impressed; she, like most of the people who had lived their lives in this cluster of villages shut in by the hills, had a feeling almost of reverence for those travelled persons who had pierced through the gum-treed ridges and seen the great world. What buffet of fate, she wondered, had carried the dead caretaker far enough away to meet with so violent a death?

"A sailor, I'm takin' it?" she said respectfully.

Jackie, hidden away behind his jaguar, knew just what expression was upon the widow's face—reluctance struggling with honesty. He had heard this conversation a score of times, and knew the caretaker generally tried to turn the conversation before the question was put that followed on her "killed by a whale." But the knowledge that all the township knew her history forced honesty to her lips when close pressed.

"No, no," she said unwillingly, "not a sailor exactly. He were over in the next room, and the whale wot Mr. Capper brought was bein' shuspended and fell on him." There followed a description of the accident, with a relishing gusto of detail that always made Jackie feel ill.

Her voice died away to a low buzz; the sound of skirts and footsteps came only from the porch now; then at last the door banged, and the boy realised he was alone in the place, undiscovered and free to work his terrible theft.

And yet he did not move. He lay with hot, beating heart and miserable thoughts close up to his jaguar. He could not bring himself to take the first step to the dreadful deed.

But what was that? Surely the boards of the floor a few feet away were rising up! What strange, horrible thing was happening now? Surely, surely he was dreaming—he was in one of the nightmares that had come to him with such frequency since he had decided on this theft! Was that indeed a white human hand and arm that was creeping up from the displaced board?

Jackie's heart-beats came in thuds now,



THERE UPROSE A GHASTLY, TERROR-STRICKEN FACE



## The Museum at Koonaworra

dull thuds that seemed as if there were no blood left in his veins to pump the organ to its usual action.

There uprose a ghastly, terror-stricken face with wild, dishevelled hair and starting eyes, but thank God, thank God, there was nothing supernatural about it. It was Hely's well-known countenance Jackie recognised; it was Hely's white, clerkly hand that had uprisen.

The accountant had lodged for a couple of years with the caretaker in one of the four rooms devoted to her use at the back of the museum. Now the museum stood elbow to elbow with the bank. Both buildings, being built on sloping land, had deep foundations, and it was this fact that had shown Hely what a simple matter it would be to break into his bank.

He went to work carefully, and cut out, very neatly, a flooring-board or two in the jaguar- and tiger-room of the museum, during one of the widow's many absences.

At the bank the manager and himself comprised the whole staff; the former, to pass the slow-moving time of Koonaworra, used frequently to spend a couple of hours down the street with the Clerk of the Lands, or up on the hill where the genial manager of the mines and a bottle of best Scotch whisky kept open office. Hely had no lack of opportunity to loosen a couple of boards beneath the linoleum of the bank's so-called strong-room. The rest was very easy sailing. He crept on his hands and knees underground the second night the big nugget was lodged in the strong-room; he lifted it from its place without the faintest sound penetrating the wall to disturb the repose of the manager and his wife; then he crept back with it to the museum.

It was his intention to leave it, wrapped roughly in newspaper, beneath the floor of the latter place until a good opportunity offered for its removal. And for two days after the robbery that is where the thing lay.

Hely in the meantime remained in his position at the bank, not a breath of suspicion attaching to him; and the police, flung off the scent by a window-catch he had purposely broken next morning, and by two or three tools laid carefully about, fastened the guilt on to a certain Hickey, who had mysteriously disappeared from the township that same day.

But now, when after two days it was found that Hickey had merely been on a visit to relatives in an adjoining village, and

that numbers of people were able to swear to his presence there on the very night of the robbery, the police were nonplussed again.

On the third morning the farmer Edwards went to the bank to draw out his last few pounds. The manager was away at the hill-top, discussing the all-engrossing topic, and Hely was there alone.

"Gold or notes?" said the clerk in precisely the same voice he had used for years.

Edwards was looking about the place with keen, thoughtful eyes. "Gold," he said absently. "By the way, Hely, has it ever occurred to those thick-headed police to have the flooring of this place looked at? It struck me, as I rode past, it is built so high up a man might have secreted himself underneath the rooms in some way."

The remark displayed an intelligence extraordinary in dull-brained Koonaworra.

Hely's pale eyelashes flickered faintly. "Yet another suggestion!" he said, with a bored air. "That's only the fortieth I've had offered this morning. Even Crazy Pete has been in with advice. By the way, Mr. Edwards, we wish you to understand we cannot allow you another overdraft. You are aware, I suppose, that this empties your account?"

"Quite aware, you uncivil young dog," said Edwards, "and even at the risk of being classed with Crazy Pete I shall go and offer my suggestions to the manager." He turned on his heel and went out.

Hely had about half-an-hour to save his nugget; he calculated that was just the time it would take for Edwards to ride up the hill, discuss the matter in the argumentative atmosphere of the mining office, and come back perhaps with half the town at his heels, to find the disturbed boards beneath the linoleum, and, fifty feet away, the gold for which he had risked so much.

With a throb of thankfulness he found it was half-past twelve; he was at liberty to close the bank while he had his lunch, though he was supposed to eat it on the premises if the manager was away. He locked the doors with trembling hands, and pulled down the blinds; then went down madly on his knees, tore at the linoleum, dragged up the boards, and crept along the passage to the spot at which Jackie's startled eyes saw him emerge.

Necessity had invented a fresh plan for him. He raised himself up, his newspaper-wrapped nugget boldly held in his arms, for



## The Museum at Koonaworra

he knew he had the place to himself. He had met the caretaker as she went out, and she had confided in him that she had left the place locked up, but had asked him, should he see Mr. Capper ride past, to send word at once to her at the hotel.

Jack lay quiet, hardly breathing. Hely stepped across the floor, out of the jaguar-room and into the Australian section. He took the glittering model of the El Dorado from its place, and he substituted his stolen property for it. The two nuggets were fairly alike in shape and size, and with the old ticket of "El Dorado" propped up against the genuine one, who would dream that instead of the gilded mass of wood that had met the eye for years in this case, there stood a real nugget of great value and weight?

Hely calculated that he could not find a safer hiding-place for it for a night or two; the people gathered at the bank and the hotels now to talk of the robbery, no one wanted to spend their time in going through the little, well-known museum.

The widow's eyes were failing her; it was most improbable that she would notice any exchange when she passed her hasty dusting-brush over the case in the morning.

Jack strained his eyes to see what the man was doing at this particular case, but the position prevented him from gaining any clue, and he dared not venture from the shelter of the jaguar.

Hely closed the case and turned away; he had the model of the El Dorado to dispose of. There was a roaring fire in the



UP THE LONG, SHADELESS PADDOCKS STAGGERED A WEARY, DUSTY LITTLE FIGURE

## The Museum at Koonaworra

little kitchen—he chopped the gilded wood into a couple of pieces, and stuffed them into the flames. Five minutes later he had pulled the flooring-boards over him again, and departed as noiselessly as he had come.

Jackie crept forth from his jaguar with a face half-disappointed, half-relieved. When the man had turned round the child had distinctly seen in his arms the shining nugget.

"Fancy *him* wanting to steal it!" muttered the little lad, who was as undreaming that any one living in a bank could be poor as that a nugget labelled "Value £500," lying on a red velvet cushion in a museum, could be composed of anything but gold.

But when he reached the place his surprised young eyes saw no vacancy at all; the nugget lay there just the same as ever. Then he looked closer and said "Ah!" No one's eyes knew the object just as completely as did his; he detected very quickly that this was smaller, less "knobbly."

"That's what he went in the kitchen for," he muttered; "he didn't want to steal it all; that's what he was chopping at—he's just cut off the little sticky-out bits."

A feeling of friendliness to Hely possessed him; they were fellow criminals. Then he sighed—even Hely had not attempted to make off with the thing bodily; it was reserved to him, Jackie, to do the more desperate deed.

There was no time to lose, however; once more the lid of the case was raised, and thin little fingers grasped the great thing this time, covered it with newspaper, thrust it in the canvas bag, and laid onions on top of it with careful carelessness.

There was a low window left unlatched—Jackie had known the widow would not remember to fasten them all; no one was in sight—he dropped his bag carefully out upon the grass, and himself after it. Twenty minutes later the famous thing that all Koonaworra and the surrounding districts, and even the Sydney papers, were talking of lay hidden in a hole of the rubbishy old play-house Jackie had built for himself against one of the cowsheds on his father's farm.

\* \* \* \* \*

Up the long, endless, shadeless paddocks of the town side of Mr. Capper's great run staggered a weary, dusty little figure, bending with the weight of a dirty canvas bag. It had been eleven in the morning when he had left Koonaworra; it was almost four

now, but the red eye of the sun was still pitiless, and seemed laughing mockingly at the spectacle of this thin, bent child toiling on and on over the weary miles, like a tiny, patient ant with a great burden.

It was four days since Jackie's pillage. The township was hugging itself with the importance of its second great mystery. Mr. Edwards' suggestion had been acted upon, and the carefully-cut boards had been discovered; a detective crushed his way along the passage, feeling the boards above him all the way till he came to the jaguar-room, where they yielded and gave him access to the day once more. And then it was discovered that the model of the El Dorado was also missing.

Koonaworra began to turn a doubtful eye on Crazy Pete. Who else would have been tempted to steal a thing worth perhaps a shilling?

Hely was still at the bank. A certain amount of suspicion had fastened upon him, since he had access both to museum and bank, but though the detectives watched him continually, and all his belongings had been overhauled, there was not sufficient evidence to warrant his arrest. He went about pale-faced, silent; there was no one in Koonaworra so amazed as he at the turn of things.

The white, rambling cottage building came in sight at last among the trees, and Jackie sighed and transferred the leaden bag to his other hand. In five minutes more he would be in his grandfather's presence, confessing to his crime.

The dreadful deed had been useless after all. A day after it had been committed the talk in the farm-house kitchen was again of the robbery. Jackie, from his corner, listened hard; he was amazed when he heard his father speaking in strongly denunciatory tones of the act.

"I wisht we'd stoleed it, father, don't you?" he said craftily. This was to lead up to him mysteriously taking his father out to the hole in the cubby-house and presenting him with the wealth there.

Edwards looked half-carelessly at his small son, then looked again; the new, strange expression of cunning in the eyes, usually so clear and childish, struck him unpleasantly. Something led him to lift the boy on his knee when Mrs. Edwards went away to put the little ones to bed. He fell to talking to him of clean hands and an upright life; of the beauty of straight paths

## The Museum at Koonaworra

through life, the hideousness of crooked ones. His mild voice waxed warm, eloquent; his eyes burned grandly; his shoulders, that bore continually such burdens, broadened themselves.

Jackie's heart gushed over with hot, glad admiration of his father; how *could* he have been so senseless as to believe that former joking utterance?

But then the futility of his own crime and the danger of it struck him, and he fell to such bitter, hysterical weeping on the broad shoulder that he became quite ill and feverish, and had to be put to bed.

He tossed there the next day and the next, then got up and crept about again like a little pale ghost. Any thought he had had of confessing to his parents had been set aside by a chance remark of his mother's.

"I wonder suspicion doesn't rest on you, John," Mrs. Edwards had said, with a bitter laugh. "Heaven knows, you have motive enough for the crime."

The new terror Jackie had had to bear the last day or two was lest the cubby-house should attract the police's attention, and his father be held guilty of the theft. So the third day his poor little brain worked it out that there was nothing left for him to do but to go personally up to the big station, restore the nugget to its owner, his dreaded grandfather, and bear whatever punishment was meted out to him.

Mr. Capper was stretched in a hammock on the verandah when the small, trembling figure toiled up to him.

"Eh,—what do you want?" he cried sharply, as he saw the boy begin to ascend the front steps. "If you want something to eat why can't you go round to the kitchen?"

Jackie advanced in silence.

"You young beggar," cried the squatter, "don't you hear me? Go round the path up there."

Jackie came steadily on till he stood by the hammock.

"I don't want anything to eat," he said faintly, "I—I've only——"

"Well, out with it," said the peppery old man, "don't take all day. You've only—what?"

"Brought the nugget back," said the faint voice. The canvas bag was put down on a table near with a deprecatory movement.

Then the squatter tossed himself excitedly out of his network; the very word

"nugget" was calculated to wake the sleepest soul in Koonaworra in the middle of the night.

Jackie thought he was about to be swallowed after the manner of small boys in the ogre stories. He flung himself on his grandfather's arm, and sobbed and implored for mercy. His breast rose and fell, his eyes streamed, he twisted his poor hands from time to time in supplication.

"He would never steal anything from the museum again, never, never—just please to let him off this time; and the knobbly bits, oh indeed, indeed he hadn't chopped them off—some one else had done it before he stole. Oh, please not to send him to prison; if mother hadn't been ill he wouldn't have,—and Tottie hadn't scarcely any clothes, and the crops were spoiled. Oh, please to let him off."

The grandfather listened with an odd expression in his eyes; now and again he put a question, now and again he had to stop the stuttering story to disentangle some fact. This was his grandchild, he found, this dusty, wretched, writhing boy; but the blue, drowned eyes were Emmie's, weeping at seven years old over a broken doll. He was a thief, this lad—well, the theft was not of apples or marbles for his own pleasure.

Years ago—Emmie was six—a mounted policeman had come to the station on some errand or other. "Mr. Capper live here?" he had asked the little girl playing outside. She had been terror-stricken; men with buttons and caps like this had but one mission for her—that of dragging people off to prison. "No," she said, and when pressed for where, pointed a tiny, trembling finger to a faint smoke eight miles away. Then she rushed off, panting, frenzied, to warn the dear father of his danger. "And you said I didn't live here,—oh, fie, Emmie," he had said as he soothed her back to reason. And Emmie had drooped her head and wept repentantly.

This laddie had stolen for Emmie's comfort only. The old man cleared his throat a couple of times.

"But, child," he said—and said gently, for he felt the blow the news would be to the queer little nature, "don't you know that the nugget in my museum wasn't a real one? The El Dorado was sold and melted down forty years ago. That is only a model of it I have—just a lump of wood painted with gold—worth about a shilling."

## The Museum at Koonaworra

It took Jackie minutes to comprehend this startling fact; then he fell to weeping again, and this time for the sheer futility of all his misery.

"A *shilling!*" he echoed, almost with anguish. But a look of great peace and happiness was settling round the old man's mouth. He had quite decided what to do. He was going to take this small boy's hand and go with him to Emmie, and take her in his arms as he had longed to do for years, and smooth away all troubles for her.

He ordered the buggy to be prepared, and Jackie's tears dried enough presently for him to manage a plate of lunch and a long, deep drink. But just as the horses came round he put a timid hand once more on the canvas bag.

"A *shilling!*" he repeated. He found it difficult to construct a universe again, and

place that value on the wonderful thing that had dazzled his eyes for years.

The squatter looked amused. "Would you like to see the wood underneath the gilt?" he said, and took out his penknife, and pulled the newspaper off the contents of the canvas bag. But then it was *his* universe that needed reconstruction, for at the first touch he realised that his penknife was ringing on the bank nugget that all the mystery and outcry had been about.

So Jackie had to tell that other story of all he had seen while pressed up against his old friend the jaguar, and Hely came to justice, and the owner of the restored nugget in his jubilation wished to present Jackie with the fifty-pound reward he had offered for its recovery.

But that the ethics of neither the father, mother, nor reconciled grandfather could allow.

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## By the Boats

"**I**S this all I'm to hope for, all I'm to work for—

Never a word for me?

When the boat comes in of a morning  
filled,

When the boat goes out to sea?"

(Just for a moment she lifts her eyes—

Can he not see Love's glad surprise?)

"The light of the sea's in your eyes, my girl,

They dazzle—I can't see true!

And its breath's in your hair, that'll crisp  
and curl—

And it blows me back to you!"

(She tosses aside the wayward lock;

And she fingers the folds of her cotton  
froek.)

"The other lads when the nights are bright,

And the fishing-boats are bare,

Sing of their sweethearts true, and home—

Their song I cannot share!"

(Is her heart so full that she cannot say:

"Dear heart, I have loved you for many a  
day!")

"Perhaps one day when the boats come in

You'll look in vain for me;

For the sea can keep its secrets deep—

Deep as my love for thee!"

(The tears in her eyes make rainbow  
light—

Can he not read Love's signals right?)

"Is there nothing to work for—nothing to hope  
for—

Always no love for me?

Oh, your heart is hard as this stone I  
beat—

Molly, it *can't* be! Molly, it *shan't* be!"

(Her tears are falling—she scarce can say:

"Dear heart, I have loved you for many a  
day!")

MARCIA TYNDALE.



## DIARY OF A HOLIDAY IN DENMARK

BY ELLA EDERSHEIM OVERTON

WE first planned our holiday during those terribly hot days of July 1900, when the mere thought of railway-carriages and the heat and smuts of continental night journeys was a fatigue. Then the French are in deep disgrace with "him." He spoke of the insuperable difficulties of crossing the Paris of an Exhibition: he drew doleful pictures of the conditions of trains and traffic. All the time I knew his real reason for not wishing to touch French soil was that Frenchmen had insulted our Queen, and, like most Englishmen, he had thereby been hurt in a very sensitive part. He won't talk about it, but it rankles. I looked at the map of Europe forlornly, trying to find a road into French Switzerland through any other than the forbidden land. It was flatly impossible. And as this conviction grew, with it I realised that every moment that we discussed it our chances of a trip abroad grew more remote. There were so many good reasons for staying at home this year, and "he" is so provokingly glad of any excuse, good or bad, that keeps him in his beloved parish. My eye roamed northwards.

"Why don't we go to Denmark?" I said tentatively. To my intense surprise I

was not immediately contradicted. I grew very bold under the semblance of meek reasonableness. "It isn't at all difficult to get at," I pursued, assuming knowledge where I was totally ignorant, and knowing that "he," equally ignorant, was far too honest to contradict me. "And how much nicer it would be to travel by sea in such weather as this, instead of being stuffed up in hot, pokey carriages, with swarms of people and stacks of luggage, and all the trains late everywhere."

He didn't say anything, but I noticed that he wrote that evening for the Great Eastern Time-table, so from that moment on I took it for granted that Denmark was our destination, and it was.

It really is surprisingly easy to get at, and surprisingly cheap. The passage from Harwich to Esbjerg is advertised as taking from twenty-four to thirty hours. ("In such weather as this it will certainly not be more than twenty-four hours," I said cheerfully, and ignored something that he was muttering under his breath about "more like *thirty-four*.") The tickets which give you third-class railway fare in England and saloon on board are only £2 13s. 0d. return. A fee of 5s. per day on board gives you the



## In Queen Alexandra's Country

privilege of much and many meals. "Why don't more people go to Denmark?" we both said. But that was before we knew anything about the North Sea.

No sooner had we settled to go to Denmark than we discovered that other English people had actually been there before us, and we got hold of some addresses.

The children were very happy at the idea of going to Denmark. The island of Rügen had been mentioned, and Teddie had taken it into his head that Rügen was far too small a spot for butterflies to settle on. A land that does not entertain butterflies is for Teddie an accursed land, on which the sun never smiles, and where life must be dark and hideous. I advised them both to make out lists of the things which they wished to take with them, so that we might not forget anything important. Teddie brought me a sheet of MS. paper, on which he had noted the following accessories in handwriting at first very careful, but rapidly degenerating under the excitement of his feelings and his brother's suggestions as to spelling. Teddie is seven-and-a-half, and Darwin just six years old.

### TEDDIE'S LIST.

butterfly-net buy a butterfly-box setting-board Norwegian knife pencil horse-nifhe pistol shot cros-steh.

[The "horse-nifhe" refers to a pocket-knife which has an instrument for taking stones out of horses' shoes. The "cros-steh" is his wool-work.]

### DARWIN'S LIST.

BOBS<sup>1</sup> STAMPS  
GUN SHOT  
PENCIL  
GUN-PITL<sup>2</sup>  
XHANE<sup>3</sup>  
CROS-  
-STCH MON-  
-E-BOX

Darwin's list is written on a sheet of cardboard—it looks like the lid of an old box; and as his letters are very large and sprawly, the E of "money-box" has to come over the page, where it looks rather

<sup>1</sup> "Bobs" is a favourite knife, carrying a picture of the hero.

<sup>2</sup> The gun-pistol is a small toy pistol complicated by its owner with the addition of a wooden bayonet.

<sup>3</sup> This is a chain from which his pencil, knife, and purse hang.

lonely and lost, though of course perfectly lucid to any one familiar with that phonetic spelling of children which is at once so simple and so suggestive.

Our party is to include the Fräulein and Uncle. Perhaps I should explain that Uncle is no relation to us, and is only seventeen. I don't know why he is called Uncle.

The boats for Esbjerg only sail on Mondays and Thursdays, and as we cannot afford to lose the best part of a week, necessity is on us to start our travels on Bank Holiday. I feel rather anxious about this, but the station-master assures us that the trains until the evening are quite sure to be "very light," and that we have nothing at all to fear. I am only too glad to be convinced.

Aug. 3.—It is blowing a hurricane! How long will this last? I believe the North Sea is very shallow—nowhere more than twenty fathoms deep—so that storms very quickly subside on it. How quickly they arise I refuse to contemplate. To anticipate evils has always seemed to me one of the most fatuous follies of all those of which human nature is so amply capable.

Aug. 6.—Our luggage, even though Dar's "MONE-BOX," together with other superfluities, has been rigorously weeded out, looks sufficiently alarming. It is pouring in torrents, and blowing. . . . The only conveyance large enough to take us to the station is the village wagonette, which pretends to no form of shelter, and three and a quarter miles lie between us and that goal. There is a cart for the luggage. Our spirits are quite undamped by the weather, though the parting with the six dear dogs is painful in the extreme. I am reminded of the incomparable "John Gilpin" as we

" . . . do all get in,  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To drive through thick and thin.  
Crack went the whip, round went the  
wheels,  
Were ever folks so glad?"

So glad, except for the pricking pain which always comes as one drives away for any length of time from one's own home.

The last thing that I see as we drive away are the faces of the smiling, waving maids at door and windows, and the dejected form of Mowgli, the white Pomeranian, who has been lifted on to a window-sill to see the last of us, his back resolutely turned



## In Queen Alexandra's Country

to us, his long plume tail drooping disconsolately, his whole attitude an epitome of despair. The other black Spitzes, Chris and Delta and Baden-Powell, have crept under the school-room table, and the puppies are happily too young for grief.

After all, the drive might have been much wetter. One of the best short cuts to contentment that I know is the considering, when things are bad, how much *worse* they might have been. People generally make the mistake of insisting that they might have been *better*, which is of course obvious and quite unprofitable.

We found the station full of disappointed pleasure-seekers, noisy, but wonderfully good-tempered. They, nearly all, cleared off in an earlier train, and the station-master secured us a carriage to ourselves. But at Broxbourne the platform was literally thronged, and a horrid scuffle ensued in the attempt to storm our compartment with its locked door. Finally a young man amongst them produced a key, and then they swept in, drunk and sober, while the poor children sobbed in terror. They expressed their opinion of us pretty freely and not in the choicest language, but finding us on peace intent speedily grew amicable and made overtures of friendship. The drunkest fell asleep with his head on Fräulein's shoulder, and those who had to stand down the middle of the compartment held on to each other, and made light of lunges and tumbles. One was a seafaring man, and told splendid stories of his adventures in an open boat and amongst savages. The others professed perfect credence of his tales, but I think they were humouring him. One speech caught my ear. A quite young lad had been speaking of the difficulty of keeping oneself in bad times. To him the seafaring man made answer—

"It's a wonnerful thing, sonny; you don't keep yourself. God keeps you. That's the tip."

He said it very reverently, and there was silence for some minutes after he had spoken.

At Tottenham they all cleared out, being bound for Stratford, and we were able to stretch and breathe once more, and at last came Liverpool Street station, where we made a substantial meal.

It was quite dark by the time we reached Harwich, but the children insisted on a stumbling tour of inspection round the

vessel. We had never before made any longer voyage than across the Channel. The *Koldinghus* lay so still that I was encouraged to confide to the stewardess—a Norwegian of prepossessing appearance—my hopes for a good crossing. She smiled indulgently, but said with unrelenting distinctness, "I not t'ink so," and therewith disappeared.

With much merriment and laughter we all undressed and got into our respective berths. To each I delivered a store of raw lemon to suck, if he or she should unduly feel the motion of the steamer. From the saloon without came the cheerful clink of glass and knife and fork, and the pop of soda-water bottles, to the sound of much friendly conversation in the Danish tongue.

Then came the tramp of men overhead, the hauling of ropes and grinding of windlasses, hoarse cries and answering shouts. The merry chatter in the saloon dwindled into silence. The lights burnt low. I was conscious of a threatening, heaving motion, which monopolised me and my universe, and then sleep fell mercifully on me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Aug. 7.—Those asterisks stand for much which the sympathetic reader will grasp without demanding more precise explanations. We had come in for a gale on the North Sea, and those who know the possibilities of its shallow and easily irritated waters will comprehend the poignancy of our sufferings. At an early hour the next morning Teddie and Darwin burst into our cabin, pale but very triumphant, with the news that they had both been seasick! They seemed to think it a great distinction thus to be able to be classed with their collapsed elders. However, they had already found their sea-legs, and had not a moment's uneasiness for the remainder of the voyage. From the heights of this superiority Teddie gave us much excellent advice.

"You had much better get up and dress," I heard him assuring his father, who was in the lower berth and therefore more easily lectured. "You feel awful bad at first, and then you're sick, and then it's all better. That's what I done." But answer came there none.

They raced off into the cabin, and partook of early coffee and second breakfast with the few others who were hardy enough to appear. All our fellow-passengers were Danes; but the Danes seem to be excellent

## In Queen Alexandra's Country

linguists, and most of them spoke English perfectly. I was not too wretched to notice how wonderfully kind these complete strangers were to the little lads.

The port-holes were firmly screwed up, and if I ventured to look in their direction I saw race by a tumult of foam-flecked grey billows, alternating swiftly, as in a magic-lantern slide, with round views of stormy grey sky. I closed my eyes and thought with bitterness on the great chasm which separates, past possible union, anticipation and realisation. I had so often imagined this voyage before we left home, sitting in the Queen's Garden among the sedate and delicious beauty of the lilies and delphiniums. We were to have reclined in deck-chairs, lazily content, while the babes amused themselves and every one else after their usual fashion. Hour after hour the great circular stretch of horizon would have reached, unbroken by the sign of any living thing—a haunting loneliness. I had wanted to feel this loneliness, to understand something of the mystery that lies in great waters. And here I lay sick and sorry, a spirit hampered and clogged by vile flesh. It was impossible—unbearable! I slept sweetly but shortly on the grievance, and then waking suddenly, rose, dressed somehow, and with a supreme effort dragged myself on deck.

Oh! it was worth it! A delicious gust of salt-filled boisterous gale met and buffeted me as I emerged. Great towering mountains of waters moved, nodding towards me, and then dived under—where? But where their place had been deep trenches were now riven in the solid mass, and our ship was hurrying down them, sucking their sides in passionate haste, and then once more riding above them, proud, defiant, to be tossed forward again to the next waiting, quivering mountain side. Trembling with cold and sheer physical misery, I clung rejoicing to the rail and *erlebt* it all. Meanwhile the children were racing up and down the deck, one on each hand of a stout, green-clad Dane, in marvellously short trousers and bright ginger socks. I could do nothing for them but throw them an occasional sickly, sympathetic smile.

The day wore on towards evening. It was consoling to reflect that at least the babes, with truly admirable appetites, were enjoying to the full the meals which we had rashly ordered over-night. The captain, a

grave man, never seen without a bursting cigar or waist-long, china-bowled pipe, told me we could not reach Esbjerg till nearly 7 a.m. Dar was much taken by this pipe, the first of its kind that he had seen. One of its bowls seemed embellished by a fancy portrait; the other apparently with a map of Denmark. "Somefin' like a church-warden's pipe, only different," he confided to me. "Spec's it's a *Danish* church-warden's pipe." And on this assumption he followed the unconscious mariner's every movement with eyes of great respect. Later on he reported a supper of poached eggs, tongue and sardines, and went to bed in a very self-satisfied frame of mind.

Aug. 8.—With the next morning the scene had completely changed. We were already under the shelter of the island of Fanö, and every one was hurrying about in the pleasurable excitement of preparing to land. Fresh faces, mostly pale and wan, emerged from various cabin doors. Coffee was served at an early hour in the saloon, and the passengers while partaking of it all made friends. We had about five hours to wait in Esbjerg before the train for Fredericia started. A gentleman, who knew the place well, volunteered to show us all that was worth seeing.

The first impression that Jutland gives one is as though giant-children had been at play and had built up out of the sea this long, low land of sand, on which human beings have alighted and settled like so many sand-flies. Over against one lies the sand-island of Fanö, with its picturesque buildings and inevitable wind-mills. Its inhabitants form a fishing community quite to themselves, the women wearing a very quaint and pretty costume, including nine different-coloured petticoats and beautiful silver ornaments. Their heads are tightly tied up in dark blue handkerchiefs, so arranged as to form a highly becoming cap. Its object is to keep the ever-blowing sand out of the ears, and so tightly is the kerchief bound on that corns are formed on the ears! When working in the fields they wear a little black mask to protect their faces from the blistering glare of the sun.

Esbjerg itself is absolutely new. It has sprung into being with the development of the butter, bacon and egg export trade, and is the Chicago of Denmark.

After straying about, making one or two small purchases, we went to the headquarters of the Maypole Dairy Company.

## In Queen Alexandra's Country

I had read of the enterprise and industry of the Danish people, and the extraordinary results they achieve through co-operation, and here it was all unfolded before me. In every district it seems there is a common centre or butter factory, whither the farmer daily takes his milk, and where the cream is separated. He has the skimmed milk returned to him, and this he uses for his pigs and calves, while he is credited with the quantity of cream yielded by his milk. The butter is then roughly made and forwarded in casks to the Maypole Company. Here it is unpacked, and the various butters are welded together, and further pressed and washed by immense rollers worked by machinery. Next the butter is weighed. Down long snowy counters stand troops of

buxom, flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked maidens, mostly dressed in short-sleeved white blouses, to which their brown necks and arms form a charming contrast. Quick as lightning one set is wrapping the brick-like pounds in oiled paper, the next set is bringing the flat-packed card-boxes into

shape, while a third drops each pound into its separate receptacle. There is a refrigerator too, in which the butter stiffens after its much working, and the packing-cases in which this extra-special butter is deposited, and the casks, are all made and stamped by men and lads on the premises. A commoner sort of butter is also exported by the Maypole Company. This is not made up, but packed in casks. The egg department of this great business we also visited. The eggs are sent in by the farmers, packed in layers, are then sorted into three sizes, and arranged on hole-pierced board-trays, ready for their trial by electric light. This is worked by means of four very powerful burners arranged at the bottom of a white painted vessel very like a footbath. Over this the egg-holding tray is placed, and should the egg be not quite fresh it stands

self-confessed in shamefaced blackness. The smallest crack which would escape the unaided eye, but renders an egg unfit for travelling, can also be detected by means of this bath. The cracked eggs are sold on the premises for half-price. Our guide told us that the Company were exporting fifty thousand pounds' weight of eggs every week. What a lesson for us in resource and the power of co-operation!

All this time the children had been waiting for us at the station. We brought them a little feast of *smør-brod* and cakes. *Smør-brod* is a comprehensive term, embracing every form of sandwich, which here, however, is made with only the underlying slice of bread-and-butter. Food is very cheap in Denmark, and the bread and

cakes simply delicious. I have never seen so many good and differing cakes in all my life, and none of them, not even those whose very inferior equivalent would in England cost at least 2d., are more than 5 öre, i.e. a fraction over a half-penny!

The journey was really

charming. The locomotives wear a neat wide sash round their funnels of the Danish colours, red and white. This is, of course, because they are State property. We journeyed through a country at first typically Danish. Flat fields, reclaimed from the sandy wastes, stretched hedgeless on all sides, dotted with snug-looking farmsteads. Windmills were everywhere. We passed Ribe, where there is an old cathedral, and where the country is so flat that it is said that lying on one's back one may see for twenty-one miles in every direction. Veile has a very long fjord, where the splendid beech-woods grow almost into the sea.

We had been keeping a sharp look-out for storks, and at last detected a pair, standing quietly in a meadow near the railway, looking for all the world as though they



A DANISH COTTAGE

## In Queen Alexandra's Country

had just been transferred from a Japanese screen. Afterwards we passed several more, and the babes beguiled the way by making drawings of them from memory. The cows too have a droll effect, standing in rows on their short tethers, painted white with big black spots, just like the cows in a primitive Noah's ark. Here and there one saw a woman dragging along a cow by the nose to a little fresh strip of pasture. This process must be repeated many times every day.

On the recommendation of former travelers we had taken rooms in the High School Home at Rye for a week. As we drew into the station I saw a red-brick house with the inscription *Højskole og Afholdshjem samt Pensionat* running across it. A rickety, wooden table on trestles stood outside it, and a dilapidated bench and several dirty-faced children, barefooted, were on its steps. My heart sank.

Inside the doorway stood some workmen, smoking unutterable tobacco, whose fumes filled the whole place. A lady in black, who denied being our hostess, met us and motioned us up-stairs. She wore a pitiful countenance and murmured at intervals as she went, "You not stay, you not stay!"

What rooms! what beds! what (lack of necessary) furniture! what dirt and discomfort!

There is a sitting-room too, so dingy and depressing, so stuffy and stale-smoke! And there are various youths in white piqué caps, who salaam us respectfully whenever we pass them in the dark passage in our disconsolate wander from one chamber of horrors to another.

Well! we must stay here to-night, anyway; and perhaps—who knows?—*it might have been worse*. My philosophy shall not fail me at this juncture!

Supper is not reassuring. We have each a plate and a knife and a fork, and there is a crushed tablecloth and plenty of food put on the table—good food too. But every one helps himself by plunging his own knife or fork into the dish and thus abstracting his morsel; and as no one has more than one knife, and the butter has none, this latter is speedily reduced to a mass of gooseberry-pickle, fried egg, cutlet, sausage-meat, and what not—a truly repulsive spectacle.

We can't unpack, there is nowhere to put our things. The babes, still serenely happy, and having made an excellent meal, go to bed. I leave the others to explore,

while I sit down hastily to see if by any means we can secure rooms at Ebeltoft for the morrow.

Then I join "him" outside. He has found the lake—or rather the lakes, not five minutes' walk away. The place itself seems very new, run up with very much the air of what one imagines an American township, consisting of the railway-station and a few houses, most of them shops. The sandy road turns sharply at the end of the street, and drops down between the lakes. But it is lovely! Wherever one looks there are water and rushes and meadows and hills and wood, with a delicious air that reminds one of Scotland, and a brooding serenity of loveliness that effectually wipes out (for the moment) the remembrance of that supper-table.

Aug. 9.—At early breakfast we compare experiences. Uncle is still sleeping. Teddie and Darwin say their beds were beautiful. They think they must have been blown up with air, for if you put your fist in one place it made a great hole, and all the thing rose up in another! But they have "tickly spots." It transpires that on their couches little (flea-haunted) feather-beds take the place of our padded red quilts. My bruised and aching bones have allowed me but little rest, and though I vainly cocked my toes over the bottom rail, the bar at the bed-head ate steadily into my skull during the entire night. Still the milk is nice, and the bread famous, and no one beyond ourselves is in the room, so we can have the window open, and use a teaspoon for a butter-knife.

Aug. 10.—Still no news from Ebeltoft! We have utilised the day in an expedition to Silkeborg, and are perfectly entranced with the scenery. A tiny steam-launch runs along the lake here twice a day to Himmelsbjerg, the little landing-stage for the ascent to the only considerable hill in Denmark (five hundred and fifteen feet high). There is, of course, the usual restaurant at this point, and somewhere, hidden by woods, is an hotel, towards which we saw a porter staggering with a capacious tub of margarine. The hill is crowned by an ugly red-brick monument, conspicuous for very many miles all round. The climb is up through sheer sand and heather, and only takes about twenty-five minutes. There is a superb view from the summit of the chain of lakes, originally doubtless one connected



## In Queen Alexandra's Country

whole, which meanders through wood and pasture and heather all the way from Skandeborg to Silkeborg—further for all I know. Returning to the landing-stage, we dismissed the babes by the return-boat, and ourselves took passage in a larger and more pretentious steam-boat for Silkeborg. Now and again the lake narrows into a river-like avenue, where lovely beech-woods and rowan-trees laden with berries fringe the water's edge. Then we suddenly emerge where the water must be a good mile broad, and where there is no visible outlet, our steam-boat apparently hastening forward to bury itself in fields of waving rushes, blue-stemmed, brown-feathered. Once more we are steering a careful course which yet again, suddenly and unexpectedly, widens into a great lake sprinkled with wooded islets, and bounded on the one side by beech-clad summits and on the other with rolling hills of purple heather. Tiny homesteads here and there have each their landing-stage and wherry, and in some I noticed that the harvest of rushes had already begun to be gathered, probably for roof repairs, as all thatching seems to consist of this material. There is also a good deal of basket-making.

Aug. 11.—I do not think that anything to-day is worthy of notice except the soup. It was of the genus sago-pudding, in which a good many eggs must have been distributed, and further sprinkled with raisins, sultanas, and a kind of gooseberry-pickle, the whole slightly flavoured with rum. It is a weird composition, but not at all evil-tasted, though Teddie would not touch it, probably on account of the haunting presence of rum; and Darwin, who began by praising it wildly, had difficulty in accomplishing the second mouthful, and then utterly broke down.

This afternoon we went over the High School, which is next door, and I have at last solved the mystery of High School Homes. We had thought that they must be in some way connected with the schools, were probably boarding-houses for them, and that this would insure their order, cleanliness, and sanitary condition—if not State supervision. That guests could be received in them we attributed to the fact that it is now holiday-time.

All this ingenious explanation proves to be mere imagination. High School Homes have absolutely nothing to do with High Schools. They are simply a kind of

coffee-house, or Temperance hotel, and are as dependent as their English equivalent for the way in which they are kept on their individual owners. The High School Home at Esbjerg, where we lunched, was a quiet, respectable place. I think I have already said enough of our experience here!

The High Schools themselves are centres of technical or secondary education, the course consisting of three months devoted to opening the youthful mind. They are generally patronised by what we should call the lower-middle and upper-lower class, and as the inclusive cost of the entire course, with board and lodging, is but 30 kroner per month (a *krona* is worth 1s. 1½d.), it will be seen that its advantages are not altogether beyond the poorest. The students occupy here a solid red-brick tower, while their gymnasium, lecture-room, recreation-room, workshop and refectory are built round an irregular yard. There is a resident body of two or three lecturers. No one is responsible for manners or morals, but as the students are generally about twenty years of age when they come to these schools, they are supposed to be old enough to take care of themselves. Naturally the men and women come in separate detachments. The present set are learning joinery and basket-making, and Heaven knows what besides of history, natural science and wisdom generally. In the winter the course is often on theoretical farming, and poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, and kindred subjects. But the avowed object of the schools is to open the mind rather than to cram in knowledge, and they seem largely used all over Denmark, and very much appreciated.

Aug. 12.—Hurrah! The lady to whom we had an introduction at Ebeltoft has taken rooms for us at the Hotel Skansenskilde there, strongly advising us to eschew High School Homes—advice we are nothing loath to follow. We cannot be received before the 15th inst., which is depressing, but must be faced in the best manner possible—the privilege of the inevitable.

Our hostess has given us a wonderful Sunday feast to-day.

We began with a species of ground-rice pudding, with which one was invited to eat powdered cinnamon and sugar, a compote of bilberries, and a sauce of herb beer. Our second course consisted of many limbs of a little young lamb, very

## In Queen Alexandra's Country

good eating if it had not been cooked to ribands, with which one ate a compote of pears. After this orgy we drank coffee in the garden.

There is no church here at Rye station, the mother-village being about two miles off, along a very dusty road. We had our own little service in the woods this morning, when the babes sang nearly all the hymns they knew. "All things bright and beautiful" sounded singularly applicable with the water and the rushes, the tall trees and the purple-headed hill, if not mountain, all so ably represented.

Aug. 13.—Fräulein, whose parents live in the south of Holstein, left us at six o'clock this morning, for a week at home. The babes are divided between the seemliness of sorrow at her departure, and undisguisable rejoicing that we shall now have to attend to all their wants. The journey will be a very long and tedious one, as all trains in Denmark, when once one is off the direct Copenhagen route, are *Blandtog*, which means that they are a combination of goods and passenger train, calling at every tiny station, and never getting up any speed.

It is again extremely windy. We have promised to take the children to Himmelsbjerg, and encounter quite a storm on the lake. In the afternoon we go to the "best butterfly-place," a healthy moor just beyond the village. Here, in the intervals of sport, Teddie and Dar make copious entries in their diaries of the morning's adventures, illustrated with life-like drawings of the monument on Himmelsbjerg, the launch surrounded by waves, a man fishing, etc. etc. It is really wonderful how Teddie has managed to convey in the space of a circle with two dots for eyes, a perpendicular stroke for a nose, and a horizontal one for a mouth, the characteristic expression of the fisherman. The gentle melancholy, the suppressed hope, the perfect repose combined with alertness to possibilities, are all there. A short extract from Dar's diary, which is freely illustrated, will indicate his style. I wonder if the fact that he has only just conquered the tendency to write from right to left, and more often than not avoids the use of all vowels, presumably thinking they can be indicated or not by points, and still always proceeds from the right to the left page, or backwardly, betrays his trail of Hebrew blood? I like to think so.

900

"There are  
lurvee  
woods  
bsied the  
laek and  
when we  
comed  
we sor  
a lot  
of littel  
fish.  
then we  
klimed up  
the Himm-  
elberg [consultation over spelling]  
it was a  
lurvee  
vue it  
wos vae win-  
-de  
but we soon  
had to  
come down  
and  
I got too  
stitchs 1 stitsh  
on 1 side and  
[one on] the other side.  
[We] wente tering  
down the hil," etc. etc. etc.

Aug. 14.—The wind has at last dropped, and we celebrated the first warm morning by giving the babes soap-baths in the lake. They splashed and kicked and wriggled like little mad things, and then dressed and basked in the warm sunny meadow.

In the afternoon our hostess, who I am sure means well, though thoroughly incompetent, bade us all to a farewell feast of chocolate and cakes in the beech-woods.

Aug. 15.—We left Rye at nine o'clock this morning, and in spite of the fact that we were conducted to the station and seen off, with flowers and good wishes, and handkerchief-wavings, by the entire community of the High School Home, I could get up no shadow of regret. It is only fair to state that our bill was quite ridiculously moderate. It came to fifty-nine *kroner* fifty *öre*, or about equal to £3 7s. 0d., and our hostess evidently thought she had made a good thing of us, and was in transparently good humour on being paid!

We had to take the steamer for Ebeltoft at Horsens, which latter place is situated on a long and charming fjord.



## In Queen Alexandra's Country

The *S. Cnud* was a small vessel, conveying not only passengers but sheep and cattle in the fore part, and well ballasted with casks of butter and margarine, on their way to Copenhagen. Our voyage, which lasted five hours, was perfectly delightful. The Baltic was a deep and sparkling blue, translucently clear, with fleeting visions of jelly-fish in myriads, and a horizon dotted with mirage-like islands. The sides of the fjord were bright with corn-fields, and sprinkled with windmills. Horsens, as we left it, lay a picturesque tangle of red roofs, splashed in among trees; above which towered prominently the handsome wooden steeple of the red-brick church. I had neglected to bring sufficient provisions with me, more on account of unwillingness to continue the eatables of Rye than from carelessness. We got some *smør-brod* on board, made of very sour rye-bread, and adorned with the coarsest uncooked smoked meat and ham, cheese and sausage.

At last we entered the huge landlocked bay of Ebeltoft, and saw its red roofs, its church tower and windmills smiling in the sunshine. A rough primitive quay, dug out of shallows, was cleverly reached, and mine host of the Skansenskilde was there waiting to receive us. Cleanliness, homeliness and comfort were depicted on the countenances of the little crowd that stood about, and writ large, as in a sky-sign, over the entire village-town.

How good were the coffee and cream and cakes! How speedy and delightful the unpacking! The children rushed with Uncle on to the sands, while we put everything straight. We have a most comfortable little salon to ourselves, and very good bedrooms. All the houses here seem built in one storey, or bungalow fashion, with deep tiled roofs, in which are chambers, probably abandoned during the winter.

Later on, when the babes were tucked up and on the high-road to dreams, we went out and explored. The little town, with its low houses, black-timbered, colour-washed, runs for more than a mile along a narrow cobbled street. There is a post-office with a wooden steeple, from which the time is sounded at mid-day.

There is a bank, and a grand chemist's shop, and a small factory-chimney marking the "creamery," or central butter factory, of the district. All along the street the people bow and smile to us, recognising

us as strangers, and evidently trying to welcome us.

The church stands a little above the village. The body of the building is white-washed, but the tower's red bricks are uncovered. We climbed up to a little point of view, and saw the bay lying below us in the last rays of a wonderful sunset. All round it are hills and land, so that it looks exactly like a lake, except for the rich sea-colour of the water. The little quay stands up black from the deep Prussian-blue, and from it, inland, the water splits into shining bars of gold and silver over the sand and shallows. There is perfect silence in the village below, except for the distinctly carried clatter of the clogs of some peasant trending homeward.

Aug. 16.—I do not think I mentioned yesterday that we found that the captain of our steamer, like every other captain we have met in Denmark, could speak English. Here again are several English-speaking persons. The only other visitor in the hotel beside ourselves is a lady from Copenhagen, with two small nephews and a niece. The lady speaks a little French, and a little English, so we get on very happily. She tells me that her brother, the father of these children, has just married again, the sister of his dead wife, an arrangement which seemed to her for the best possible happiness of all concerned. Danish law has evidently no qualms on this moot question. Unfortunately she is leaving for home to-morrow.

This morning we all streamed down to the bathing-place. A tiny wooden pierway runs out to two wooden bathing establishments, one for gentlemen and one for ladies. The little cabins are quite clean and nicely arranged, and the water really delicious. But I am not a little shocked at the manners and customs of the bathers, many of whom—middle-aged women too—think no costume necessary beyond a cap.

In the afternoon some of our acquaintances, the young men relatives of those to whom we brought introductions, took us for a sail in the bay. Teddie and Dar sat with their feet in the swish of the water, sublimely happy. We talked a cosmopolitan language, made up of scraps of Danish, English, French, and German, and got on very well. But they all, even the youngest, aged thirteen, smoked incessantly.

Aug. 19.—There is service in the parish

## In Queen Alexandra's Country

church here on alternate Sunday mornings and afternoons, a church about two miles off being served by the same clergyman in rotation with this. The pastor walked over from his house, just opposite, ready robed. He looked very imposing in a black garment, something between a cassock and a Geneva gown, with large four-cornered buttons, a deep and stiffly starched Elizabethan ruff round his neck (the exact counterpart of those one sees in pictures worn by the divines of the Reformation period), and a high hat. The latter was doffed on entering the sacred building, but carried up and deposited somewhere inside the altar-rails. Just at the west end of the nave hangs the model of a sailing-vessel, fully rigged and equipped, the emblem of Christ's Church on earth, and very commonly found in Danish churches. There is a most elaborate reredos, part of it very ancient, carved and painted, with a crucifixion. I notice that the fair linen cloths, scrupulously clean and adorned with beautiful needlework-lace, are always kept on, and there are candlesticks, seven-branched and large ones, and a central crucifix. The pastor, standing inside the entrance of the altar-rails, intones certain passages from a prayer-book, and there are occasional responses and answers. From the pulpit, before preaching, he recites the creed, while the congregation stands. The whole service, sermon included, only takes one hour. When it was over the pastor showed us the beautiful silver vessels for the Holy Communion, and the alb and chasuble in use. The latter was massively embroidered in gold from neck to hem with a Crucifixion.

At the other end of the town, on a lumpy and primitive ground, a cricket-match was raging. It went on until nearly four o'clock, resulting in a glorious victory for Ebeltoft—who succeeded in scoring ninety-five to the strangers' fifty-five. The style of the game, as reported by Uncle, was rather odd. Underhand bowling prevailed, and Uncle's feats overhand were looked upon as rather nefarious—certainly magical proceedings. At the beginning of each over the umpire cried the name of the bowler, the name of the batter, whether bowling was to be underhand (this it always was), and from which side of the wicket the bowler bowled. Whenever a run was made, the umpire shouted the fact, which was taken up and repeated by the scorer. At the close of the match every

one bathed (most of them had already utilised the sea for a soap-bath in the morning), and then victors and vanquished in various carts and carriages repaired to an inn in "the forest," about three miles off, where an immense dinner and limitless beer and wine were consumed. Speeches were made in praise of the noble English game of cricket. Uncle sang "God save the Queen," which was joined in by all, some even knowing the words. The party, in a somewhat convivial condition, returned to the town at a late hour in the evening, and scattered homewards. The cheering strikes one as being especially strange. It consists of a bark-like cry of "Wuff, Wuff!" followed by three short "wuffs," and finishing in a long-drawn sort of groan. It does not sound nearly as jolly as our hurrahs, although, rendered strictly in time, it is not without a certain impressiveness.

Aug. 21.—This morning early "he" and I started for Copenhagen, more correctly *Kjöbenhavn*.

We took the boat to Aarhus, a three hours' passage. There we had two hours to wait, which we utilised in exploring the cathedral. It is a really beautiful structure in red brick, dating from 1201. The walls inside are elaborately frescoed; some of the paintings being very old and quaint. Great attention has been paid to sepulchral mural tablets. Those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are most gorgeous, generally beginning with an oil painting, depicting either the heads of, or the entire family, in devout attitudes, with some sacred subject, usually the Crucifixion, in the background.

We had luncheon at a pleasant restaurant in the cathedral square (Rozzi's), sitting outside at a little table whence we could enjoy the fruit-market. We took the boat to Kallundborg in Zealand (another misrendering of the Danish Sjælland). The crossing takes about four and a half hours. We stopped twice, once mid-seas, to take up mails and passengers from the islands of Tanö and Samsö. The cathedral of Kallundborg, again of red brick, and dating from the thirteenth century, has a very handsome and fortress-like effect from the water, with its large central and four corner towers. The express train for Copenhagen was waiting for us at Kallundborg, and jolted and swung and battered us to the capital in such style that the only marvel is that the carriages stopped on the lines at all. We

## In Queen Alexandra's Country

got into Copenhagen at 7.15 p.m. and found our way to the *Missions-Hotel*, to which we had been recommended by Danes as being both extremely moderate and comfortable. It is in an old and narrow street (*Langang-stræde*), out of one of the main thoroughfares. We were given a good front room, well furnished with most comfortable beds, on the second floor, for the use of which we were charged, for our two nights, five *kroner*. I have never eaten so cheaply. For our morning coffee, which was served apart, with a jug of cream, and two slices of *franz-brod* (or light white bread) and butter for each, we were charged 25 *öre*, or about 3d. a head. Dinner, I saw, was advertised at 60 *öre*. Supper, which consisted of fried fish, meat cakes, cold meats and relishes, bread, butter and cheese, to which we added cups of the most delicious chocolate, was 80 *öre*, or 9½d. a head. It will therefore be seen that, if travellers will not be too particular, Copenhagen and its treasures and charms can be enjoyed at a very moderate cost. The usual hotels, however, frequented by visitors are, like those in all other capitals, extremely dear. We met travellers who had quite another tale of the expensiveness of Copenhagen. But these were *bonâ-fide* tourists, and had not had the advantage of the advice of natives.

Aug. 22.—Early the next morning we started to explore the city. Certainly the first most distinct impression it gives one is of gaiety and well-being, life and colour, prosperity and picturesque-ness—the last a rare combination. We found our way along the *Gammel-stræde* or fish-market, which runs parallel to one of the many canals, called *havn*. The fish-women sit with their backs to the water crying the merits of their shimmering, gleaming wares, and at intervals

sprinkling with fresh sea-water the still wriggling eels. They wear a most quaint costume, consisting of a long full skirt of dark green, bordered with scarlet. A tight-fitting double-breasted waistcoat surmounts the blouse-body, having a very smart effect, especially when the wearer is young and has a good figure. The head-dress is a white or coloured kerchief, folded triangular shape, and tied over a large poke-bonnet frame of black straw, with a crimped straw border. This bonnet comes well beyond the face, and is supplemented behind by a plain frame that holds the kerchief out into a conical point, whence it falls over the neck in neat folds. The effect is pretty and becoming. The women are very handsome. It seems that some three centuries ago the then reigning king presented the adjacent island of Amager to some Dutch market-gardeners, in order that they might teach and encourage the cultivation of market produce.



CHURCH OF OUR LADY, COPENHAGEN  
(With Thorvaldsen's sculptures)

## In Queen Alexandra's Country

These fisherwomen are their descendants, and one can very plainly detect their difference of race and physique.

The fish-market opens out into the vegetable-market, a blaze of colour and sweet odours in the morning sunlight. From the head of the great square comes the refreshing splash of a fountain, ornamented with huge bronze storks, and frogs of the same metal. The tall irregular houses enclosing this wealth of colour and fragrance and busy chattering life are a fitting framework to a highly typical picture.

After some shopping, we repaired to the *Vor-Frue-Kirke*, or Church of our Lady, a building which is in itself a perfect Thorvaldsen Museum, since it was entirely decorated by him. As you enter, you are met at once by the gigantic Christ at the east end. This wonderful statue stands, slightly leaning forwards, over the altar, the hands held out, half in invitation, half in blessing. The expression of dignity, of world-sorrow, of yearning love, of compelling grace, baffles all description, and must always haunt one. Beneath are written in Danish the words "Come unto Me," while the text in full is inscribed above. On each side the church stand beautiful statues of the twelve Apostles, by the same master.

Having gazed our fill, we proceeded to the Thorvaldsen Museum, where are to be viewed the originals, or casts, of all the great master's works. This proceeding, though highly edifying, was exhausting in the extreme. To a plain-built Philistine, such as myself, I know of few things more provocative of a nausea towards art than the weary trailing down endless corridors, up-stairs and down, through countless cabinets, all set and furnished with somewhat dingy plaster-casts of heroes representing only mythological and allegorical subjects, relieved here and there by the living sparkle of the marble original itself, as in a Young Dancing Girl, or a lovely ruminating Mercury, or a gentle Ganymede serving Jupiter's eagle. These, and a few others, with some wonderfully life-like portrait-busts, particularly a full-length of the Princess Bariatinska (1818), are the only reminiscences I care to carry away from the Thorvaldsen Museum. The rest is a nightmare of long white-peopled vistas, whose shadowy and lightly-clad dwellers seemed dumbly to mock my bursting head and aching feet.

We found a restaurant in the Kögens Ny-Torv, which, though not mentioned by Baedeker, deserves honourable record. It is Fugmann's, No. 19, and here from 2 p.m. on you can get an admirable dinner for either 1½ or 2 *kroner*. We next made our way to the Havn, whence start the steamers which ply on the Sound. Our time was too short to allow of our getting as far as Helsingör (*ang.* Elsinore), where the kind and obliging spirit of the Danes has at last provided Hamlet with the grave which was always being inquired for by English and American tourists. Our destination was Rungsted, which is reached in one and a half hours, and lies rather more than half-way up the Sound. One cannot be surprised at the flowery and ecstatic language indulged in by Danish writers when describing the situation and neighbourhood of their capital. The town with its many towers, and the bronze dome of the Frederikskirke sparkling in the sun, seems to float like a dream city on the blue waters which girdle it. Right out as far as Rungsted, and still further, charming villas line the shore, set in deep umbrageous woods, offshoots of the great deer-forest of Klampenborg. Just opposite Rungsted is the Swedish island of Huen, and still further a dim hazy outline indicates the coast of Sweden itself. We had some time to wait at Rungsted, and sat on the shore watching the sailing-vessels, majestic, patient, and graceful, slowly tacking their way up to Copenhagen.

Aug. 23.—This morning we explored the Christianshavn quarter of the town, which is reached by a bridge which is continually breaking in two and rearing up in the middle, to the hindrance of all road traffic, to allow ships to pass through. Here there is another Frederikskirke. They seem hard up for saints in Copenhagen: so many of their churches are called after kings and royal patrons. Later we spent some time in the National Museum, a really wonderful place, where they have an ethnographical collection, which is, I believe, quite unique, and certainly most interesting and magnificent. Museums, however, like picture and statue galleries, are fearfully fatiguing things, and I heaved a sigh of relief when the last gold-inlaid reredos, carved cabinet and case of jewelled gold and silver work had been inspected. This diary, I need not say, does not profess to be in any way a catalogue of things which should be seen and done in Copenhagen!



## In Queen Alexandra's Country

We dined again at Fugmann's. Then we took train to Roskilde. (This name is pronounced so as to omit the d.) Roskilde was the capital of the kingdom until 1443, but it is quite a small place, with only its cathedral and the fact that this has always been the burying-place of Danish royalty, to give it importance. The cathedral is built of red brick, and partly roofed with bronze. Its consecration dates from 1084, but most of the present building rose early in the thirteenth century, and it has been so often restored that the whole effect is surprisingly new. Here again the first thing that one misses is coloured glass. There is not a single square inch of it in the entire cathedral. The reredos, which rises nobly, consists of an immense and heavily-gilded triptych, bearing above it effigies of Christ and the Apostles. Owing to the prevailing lightness of background, this does not stand out as well as it should. There is a very quaint clock at the west end dating from about 1500, and bearing two wooden figures, "Kirsten Rimers" and "Peer Doevert." The man strikes the hours and the woman the quarters on two bells. But the peculiarity of the clock is a St. George and the Dragon. As the hours strike, the knight's grey charger tramples on the blue-green monster, which utters a most weird and despairing shriek. What infinite joy must this afford the urchins of Roskilde during the Sunday discourse!

Round the side aisles open out the large sepulchral chapels of the royal family. To any one morbidly inclined these rows of enormous coffins, oak, velvet, worked tin, brass and copper, would probably be of great satisfaction. I do not revel in charnel-houses, and preferred examining the splendid wrought-iron work of their gates. The chapel of King Christian I. is the most interesting. It dates from 1464, and has curious frescoes of that period. I noticed that Frederick II., who lies in it, is described in it as "King of Denmark, Norway, the Goths and the Vandals." The monument of the same king bears his device: *Meine Hoffnung zu Gott allein. Treu ist Wildpret.* Wildpret was his favourite dog. A trite commentary this on the limitations of royal confidence and friendship. I should not omit to mention the carving which ornaments the forty-four canons' seats of the choir, and dates from about the early fifteenth century. It is in perfect

repair and quaint with the realism which in modern work would be profanity.

Even if you scamp the royal tombs, as did we, it takes some time to inspect this very interesting cathedral. We caught a good train back to Copenhagen, and having supped sallied forth to find our boat. A thunderstorm had come on, and we caught sudden and wonderful glimpses of the city in the lurid flashes which broke the blackness of the rain-clouds. Presently the storm cleared off, and amongst the myriad lights of town and harbour and shipping we found our way through the silken waters of the Sound. As we passed out into the Kattegat the lights of Helsingør lay on one side of us and those of Helsingborg on the other. It was at Helsingør that formerly the Danish Government used to exact "Sound dues" from every vessel passing through the Strait. In 1857 the nations most interested commuted this tax for a sum amounting to nearly three and a half millions sterling. The arrangement must have been of the greatest convenience to every one concerned.

We had left Copenhagen at 9 p.m. and reached Aarhus at 6.30 the next morning. Here we transferred ourselves to the little *Samsø*, and in less than three hours were in sight of Ebeltoft, and the waving dancing figures of the babes on the quay.

I find that Dar has been keeping a very full and careful diary during our absence. His visit to a tobacconist's with Uncle is recorded thus: "Danesh tobako is like hay." A truer criticism was never written! This is followed by an illustrated list of birds' eggs, such as "spros," "strlings," and "sea-brds," together with a careful drawing of a butterfly labelled "Teddy's clkshn of Butreflies." Next comes this interesting resolution—

"ie am going to be a nachrlst and clakt ivre thing kspt snaks." [Here follows a horrible representation of a snake, with a forked tail and small horns, and a most odious wriggle. His mother detests snakes, hence doubtless the foregoing resolution.] "Ths is the snak," explains the naturalist, "and now ie will nd my dary."

Aug. 28.—Life at Ebeltoft, since our return from Copenhagen, has resolved itself into a delightful monotony of bathing, boating and strolling. Of an afternoon, when it is still too warm for much exertion, we take our book to the top of the Skansens, the little hill just behind the hotel, where

## In Queen Alexandra's Country

in the shade of the pine-trees we read or brood on the lovely view spread out beneath us. Meanwhile Dar continues his "clkshn" of wild-flowers, while the indefatigable Teddie races after butterflies. Yesterday he secured a Camberwell Beauty, and there is much joy.

It is both strange and sad that in this most prosperous and charming country there should be so much tuberculosis. That this is, however, the fact, must be evident to the most casual observer. One not only notices an undue proportion of persons who are clearly suffering from ordinary consumption of the lungs, but lameness and deformities due to scrofula are also unhappily prevalent. There is a Society, the god-parent, I suppose, of the Society which our own King inaugurated, for the prevention of the spread of this dire disease, and I noticed its rules, printed large, hanging up in the waiting-room of the railway-station at Copenhagen. These gave the ordinary good advice as to fresh air, sunlight, the danger of underdone meat and unboiled milk. That this latter point receives far more attention in Denmark than in England is plain from the fact of the many depôts which supply Pasteurised milk. Milk-carts furnished with sealed bottles, in all sizes, were also frequently encountered in the streets. Another point insisted on in the rules was the danger of expectoration. This filthy habit is very common here, not only in the open street but in buildings. In church on Sunday it was going on quietly and continually, all around—a very consumptive-looking man, just in front of me, being a principal offender. It is easy to see with what terrible facility the germs from this infected sputa must spread, when once it is dry and has pulverised. However, until our own public conduct shows more self-control and sanitary precaution, we are scarcely in a position to throw stones at others.

The town has been very full with young men pouring in from the neighbourhood for the conscription. Compulsory military service, for eighteen months at longest, is required of every young man who has reached twenty-one years, unless he is physically disqualified. The candidates seemed in very good spirits.

We are all packed up and ready for our start to-morrow. The boat leaves Ebeltoft at 6 a.m., and touching at one or two other

places, is due at Aarhus shortly before 11 a.m. I hope we may have the same calm and settled weather that has been prevailing here. The sunsets the last few evenings have been perfectly gorgeous. I have never before seen such exquisite richness of colour in sky or on sands except perhaps at Weston-super-Mare, a place where Turner studied his magnificent "poached egg" effects. But here the sea has a quality and depth of blue which the Bristol Channel cannot touch, and the air is so clear that every outline stands forth translucent, and irradiated by the warmth and brilliance of the orange, purple, blue, carmine, turquoise, primrose, rose-pink, which are flooding sky and land and sea. It is such a sight as makes one cry:

"God 's in His heaven—  
All 's right with the world!"

Sept. 1.—We are once more safely at home. Our journey has been blessedly uneventful. We reached Esbjerg at 5.30 p.m. on the 29th, and embarked at once on board the *Koldinghus*, which we found awaiting us. There were a good many people on board, principally Swedish emigrants of the servant class, to the United States. These are allowed to provide themselves with rugs and provisions, and are then committed to the hold in much the same way as barrels of margarine and butter. However, they stray about on deck all day long, and in the evening produced a flute and concertina and made merry music to which various couples danced. The weather looked threatening—there had been a great storm the night before, but the swell gradually subsided, and all the next day we swung forward over a glistening blue sea, dotted with the sea-drenched brown or orange sails of the Dutch and English fishing-fleets off the Dogger Bank.

Arrived in London, we had some time to wait, and utilised the time by taking the babes to St. Paul's, where they had never been before. That certainly impressed and solemnised them more than any experience that they had had during their travels. And as we four knelt together in those vast spaces in the early morning, alone save for the great dead, and the vergers silently busy over their dusting, it was good to think and to pray that this might be a picture of the end of life's journey, an earnest of such a united consummation as may God in His goodness grant us.



# The Awakening of Anthony Weir

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

AUTHOR OF "ONE IN CHARITY," "THE HEART OF MAN,"  
"IN SPITE OF FATE," ETC.

## SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

SHORTLY before leaving Sanlogan, his native place, to enter on the pastorate of a city church, Anthony Weir has a walk with Phillis Day, the daughter of Captain Day. He has known her since she was ten, and they have grown very fond of each other. His heart prompts him to tell her of his love, but he begins to question whether an engagement with her might not stand in the way of his advancement. When they parted next day expediency had conquered, and he spoke no word of love. Next morning he left for Workingham.

Anthony is much struck with a wonderful contralto voice which charmed the congregation during the services of his first Sunday. The singer was Miss Adela Butler, niece of Alderman Butler, the senior deacon, and was said to be an heiress in her own right. Mr. Wembly, a distiller, had already been attracted by her, and on her account had presented a fine organ to the church.

Anthony now gets rooms of his own. His landlady is a Roman Catholic, and the only other lodger is a curate, Mr. Colvin, who lives on a pound a week and gives away the rest of his stipend.

The doctor finds Anthony somewhat run down, and advises a change. The deacons give Anthony three months' leave, and Mr. Bilstone, the auctioneer, invites him to accompany him to Nice. When at Nice he visits Monte Carlo, and is greatly fascinated by the sight of the roulette-tables. At last he is on the point of yielding to the temptation to play, when he sees a young fellow rise from a table in despair and attempt to shoot himself. This checks Anthony's infatuation.

Soon after his return to Workingham, he asks Adela Butler to marry him. She thinks she does not love him sufficiently, and asks him to wait a while.

Hugh Colvin goes on a holiday visit to a fishing-village near Sanlogan, and there accidentally meets with Phillis Day, of whom he has never heard Anthony Weir speak. She introduces him to Anthony's father and mother. Hugh sees that Phillis no longer cares for Anthony.

Paul Vincent, Anthony Weir's assistant, asks Rachel Luke to be his wife, though her uncle and aunt want him to marry their eldest daughter Jane. Mr. Luke calls on Paul Vincent and threatens to drive him out of the town if he does not make it up with his daughter.

In the early spring, Adela Butler writes to Anthony Weir, accepting his offer of marriage. This begins his awakening.

Paul Vincent accepts a call to the little town of Humbleton, and is married to Rachel Luke, to the indignation of her uncle and aunt.

The second stage in Anthony's awakening is his visit to the happy couple, Paul and Rachel, in their country manse. A further stage is reached when, being on a visit to his mother, he sees Hugh Colvin and Phillis Day together as lovers.

On his way back Anthony is injured in a railway accident, but after a week in hospital returns to Workingham. He has begun to find out that his life has been a mistake.

His awakening is complete. Now come the difficulties of turning over a new leaf. Many of his people are offended by the directness of his preaching. Many of the wealthy people leave his church. Then the gathering storm bursts in a charge of drunkenness against him. Anthony gives to his deacons a firm denial of the charge, but resigns his pastorate. Adela Butler breaks off her engagement with him. But Hugh Colvin, the curate, Paul Vincent, and others, prove friends indeed, and assure him of their unshaken faith in his innocence.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.—OLD FRIENDS AND NEW

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain."

"WHEN a man is down, kick him," appears to be the motto of many people, and like Mr. Bilstone they try to live up to their convictions, but there are many others—cast of finer mould—in whom the sight of suffering and misfortune calls into play all that is best in their nature.

Anthony feared that all Workingham would shun him, and that he would find himself with scarcely a friend in the city.

But he discovered that goodness and kindness and charity lurk in unexpected places, and that the spirit of Christ is not bounded by ecclesiastical organisations.

The first man he met on coming back to Workingham was a railway-porter, who came up to him diffidently, and, touching his cap, said, "Excuse me, sir, but I'd like to say you've done me good heaps of times lately, and I'm on your side, and I don't believe a word of the things folks have been saying," and before Anthony could reply he had disappeared.

His new landlady received him with great cordiality, and showed him with pride

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

the two tiny rooms he was to occupy—scantily furnished but scrupulously neat and clean. In the sitting-room his books were piled up in a large heap in the window-recess. Anthony looked at the volumes with pathetic eyes. They had been his tools in the past; nay more, many of them had been his friends. But what now? Would he ever need them any more?

He was realising by slow and painful stages the change that had come over his life and circumstances,—a change that amounted to a revolution. But yesterday he was a person of importance, a prominent and influential citizen, a popular and eloquent divine. Carriage-people bowed to him as they passed; policemen touched their helmets.

But all that was over now; and for a week past he had been bracing himself to meet the change. He was thankful that the newspapers had treated the case with so much delicacy and reserve. His resignation had to be mentioned of course as an important item of news, but editors had refrained from comment. One newspaper had referred to it as a "regrettable mistake or misunderstanding."

But newspapers are not the only, nor even the most expeditious, vehicles for conveying news. Within twenty-four hours of his resignation everybody in Workingham knew, and the pros and cons of the case were discussed in every workshop and factory in the city. Many—perhaps the majority—were ruled by their heads, and accepted the evidence as final. But others who allowed their hearts to speak declared that it was far more likely that testimony should fail than that such a thing should be true. So discussions were frequent and often warm.

When at length Anthony was seen again in the streets of Workingham many people wondered. Even those who believed in him expected that he would go away to some place where he was not known, and start life afresh. "What good can come of his staying?" they asked one another. "It will only keep the thing alive, and furnish occasion for fresh falsehoods."

Before a month had passed Anthony had often asked himself the same question. It was a pain to his friends to see him walking through the streets with sad face and down-cast eyes; and it was an infinite pain to himself, for he was continually meeting people whom he had known in-

timately and they cut him dead. But on the other hand, scarcely a day passed but some stranger came and spoke to him and assured him of his unshaken faith and confidence.

It was a strangely revealing time in many ways, and on the whole people were better than he dared hope. Of course there were bitter disappointments on the other side. People from whom he expected sympathy gave him none. Profession of the Christian ideals was not always followed by the practice of the same.

In his ministerial days he had cultivated the official side of his Church as he was in duty bound to do. But what was termed the rank and file he knew little about. Now in his misfortune the official element felt hampered. It was not their personal feelings or wishes that had to be considered. They had to think of the Church first as an organisation, of its influence, and character, and usefulness. Had Anthony considered this, his pain would have been less acute at times.

But from the rank and file, who had nothing to consider outside themselves, and who committed the Church to nothing by their action, he received a measure of sympathy that astonished him. Constantly people met him in the street, grasped his hand in silence and passed on. Constantly letters reached him expressing the warmest charity and good-will.

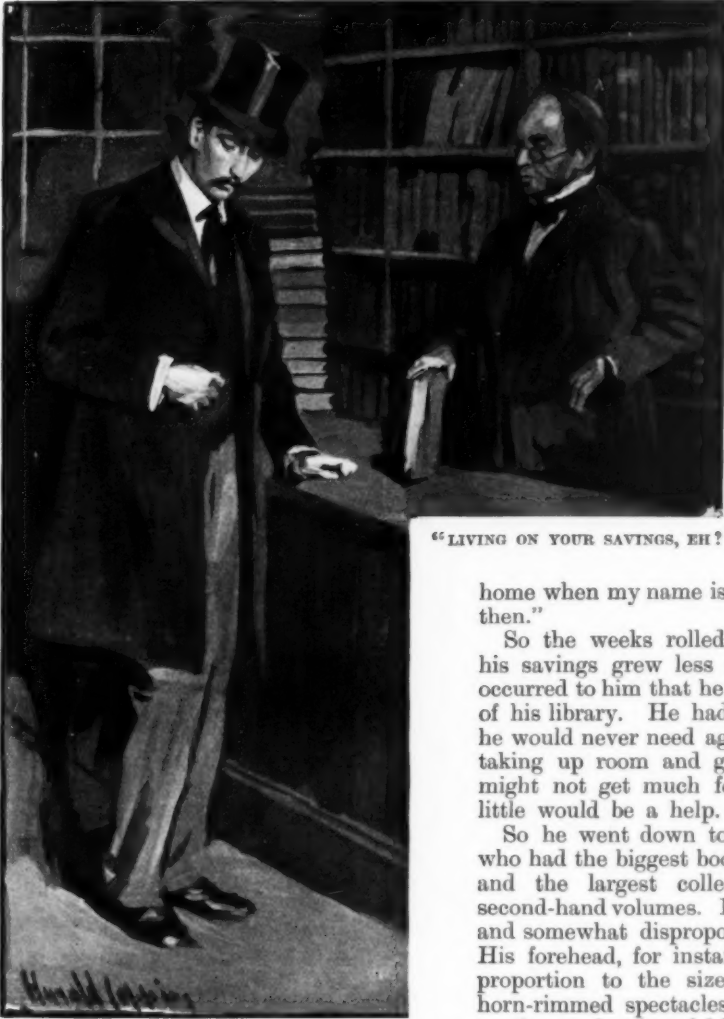
Yet he never went near Martyr Gate. For many weeks he never went near a church or chapel. But one Sunday morning the Wesleyan Superintendent came round and dragged him off to chapel with him.

"You will feel all the better," he said, "when once you have broken the ice. And don't imagine that, though some may think you made a mistake, we love you any the less."

But though Anthony sat in a back pew, he felt as if all the congregation were looking at him. The singing too broke him down completely, and the tears welled over his eyes faster than he could wipe them away.

For several weeks after that he did not trust himself to go again, then he yielded to the entreaties of Hugh Colvin, and went with him to a church where he fancied nobody would know him. Finally he settled down at the little Mission Church in Burt Street, to which a young minister fresh from college had been appointed.

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir



"LIVING ON YOUR SAVINGS, EH?"

So Anthony made scores of applications for posts he thought he could fill, but always with the same result. Nobody wanted him. There were always better men to be had. And yet he could not bring himself to leave Workingham. His brother Stephen wrote to him begging him to come home, and assuring him that the Sanlogan people believed in him still.

But his answer was, "I will come home when my name is cleared, but not till then."

So the weeks rolled slowly away, and his savings grew less and less. Then it occurred to him that he might sell a portion of his library. He had hundreds of books he would never need again, they were only taking up room and gathering dust. He might not get much for them, but every little would be a help.

So he went down to see Dennis Wray, who had the biggest book-shop in the town and the largest collection of rare and second-hand volumes. Dennis was a quaint and somewhat disproportionate individual. His forehead, for instance, was out of all proportion to the size of his face; his horn-rimmed spectacles were out of proportion to the size of his eyes, and his coat was out of proportion to the size of his body.

Dennis revelled in books, and did not think that anything else was of much importance. Sundays and week-days alike he spent among his treasures, and desired no other companionship or form of enjoyment.

He listened to what Anthony had to say, and then suddenly changed the subject.

"And what are you working at at present?" he asked.

"I am doing nothing."

"Living on your savings, eh?"

"I am bound to, for I can earn nothing."

But all this time the question how to earn his living was staring him in the face. What could he do? He had never received a business training, and for every situation that became vacant there were fifty applications.

Nor was that all. Everybody knew him, and many—indeed the large majority—believed that the cause of his fall was drink. How then could they introduce him into their houses of business, amongst hundreds of other young men? Even masters cannot always do what they would like. Employers of labour have to consider their employees, their customers, and the public generally.

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

"You have been trying to get a post, then?"

"I have applied for fifty. But there are always better men to be had,—men with experience and all that."

"Yes, I see," and Dennis raised his spectacles till they rested on his forehead.

"Besides, my wings are broken," Anthony went on, "and people are afraid to trust me."

"Then why do you remain here where you are known?"

"Something within tells me to stay, that is all."

"Then you have faith in yourself?"

"Faith in myself?" Anthony questioned slowly. "No, I am afraid not. But I have still faith in the just government of God."

"Humph!" Dennis had very little respect for religion himself, and very little sympathy with those who had.

For awhile no other word was spoken, and then Dennis said abruptly—

"How would you like to live in a book-shop and earn five-and-twenty shillings a week?"

"I should like it very much."

"Then come here to-morrow."

"Are you serious?"

"Of course I am," and Dennis smiled broadly. "I have no moral scruples to be considered, and I am not afraid of such morals as I have being corrupted."

"But your customers?" Anthony suggested; "they might object to being waited on by me."

"Let them. I'm prepared to take the risk and suffer loss if needs be to help a lame dog over the stile."

Anthony tried to speak, but a mist came up before his eyes and a lump rose in his throat that threatened to choke him.

"You needn't sell your books just yet," Dennis went on. "That may be a matter for consideration some other day," and he walked off into his little office at the back of the shop.

Anthony walked slowly back to his lodgings and did not stir out again for the rest of the day. He felt as much elated as if some one had left him a fortune. At last he had got a start. He would no longer be an idler in the streets, taking short cuts through lanes and alleys to avoid people he knew. He had joined the ranks of the world's workers. He could hold up his head again, and he would hammer out his character in the sight of all the city.

Perhaps no post could have suited Anthony better. He loved books, and was always happy amongst them. His presence in the shop drove away a few of Dennis's customers, but it attracted others.

"It's as broad as it's long," the bookseller chuckled. "And if it weren't, who's the loser, I'd like to know?"

Anthony appeared to be perfectly reconciled to his lot. The old life when he was minister of Martyr Gate seemed strangely remote and far away. He could hardly realise sometimes that he was the same individual, for the change in his character was far greater than the change in his circumstances.

The old flippancy and cynicism and self-confidence had entirely left him. His pride had been humbled in the dust, his selfishness had been burned up like stubble in the fire of tribulation.

And more than all, his faith had come out of the struggle cleansed and strengthened. For several months he had groped his way through darkness with only occasional gleams of light. Now the light was shining steady once more. God was leading him. Of that he had no longer any doubt, and whatever happened in the future all would be for the best.

Sometimes he wondered if God was schooling him for higher service. Ah, if he was ever permitted to preach again, how large would be his message, and how sympathetic! He had learned so much—learned what books could never teach. He had been down into the floods himself, and had passed through the furnace. He had faced shame and contumely and insult. He had been stripped of everything that men hold most dear. He had endured the bitterness and agony of death.

Now and then when he sat in his quiet corner of the little Mission Church in Burt Street, listening to the eloquent periods of the young minister, he would smile sadly to himself. How little it was possible for youth to know of the tragedy of human life! Yet youth is ever popular if speech is ready and his words have a rhythmic ring, while chastened years and wide experience counts for little in these restless and feverish days.

Anthony took no part in church work, and never opened his lips in public speech. And as far as he could learn no one desired him to do so. He came and went to the little Bethel a silent and pathetic figure.

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

Now and then he smiled if people spoke to him—a smile that was infinitely sad. Yet he was not unhappy. He was at peace with God and with the world. He cherished no animosity; bore no grudge. The whole story of his disgrace was still to him an inexplicable mystery, and to thousands besides himself.

He sometimes wondered if his old friends had forgotten him, for he rarely saw any of them now. He spent nearly all his time among Dennis Wray's books. Had he known how often his name was mentioned and with what affection, it would have been a comfort to him.

The last six months of his ministry at Martyr Gate had left too deep an impression to be easily effaced. Indeed it was the only part of his ministry that stamped itself permanently upon the hearts and memories of the people. His earlier sermons were all forgotten; his later ones alone remained.

At the time many people resented them, and used uncomplimentary language when speaking of them to others. But there was something in them that stuck,—a subtle fragrance that remained and insinuated itself at unexpected times. He did not know that what he had planted with tears others would reap with joy.

As time went on and people were daily witnesses of the patient and gentle life that he led; as the stories got into circulation how he often spent nights watching by the bedsides of the poor, and was constantly preaching by deeds though his lips were silent, people who had been confident began to doubt, and those who revered him before revered him a hundred-fold more now.

But all this was kept from him. We are often reticent and diffident when we would like to speak. It is not always easy to tell people what would give them unspeakable joy to hear. We hope somebody else will tell them, and with that we satisfy ourselves.

So the months passed away and grew into years, and the cloud showed no signs of lifting.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE WINNING SIDE

"The end crowns all,  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it."

**D**URING the second year of Anthony Weir's effacement, two or three things happened. In the first place, Dick

Wembly was thrust into prominence in consequence of a bye-election. The sitting member for the Stonely division of Workingham had died suddenly and unexpectedly, and the party managers were driven in consequence to find a candidate in the shortest possible time.

The opposition were ready with their man. Indeed, he had been nursing the constituency for a year, and was steadily winning his way into the good graces of the electors. Hence the party in power were caught at a disadvantage, and a good deal of anxious debate took place in a very short space of time. To find a candidate was not at all difficult. From headquarters a dozen names were submitted to them, before the body of their late member had been placed in its coffin. But to find a *suitable* candidate was a very different matter. To bring an absolute stranger into the division would be to court failure. Mr. Green, the opposition candidate, was known to every elector in the constituency, and if they were to make headway against him they must have a local man.

This point was quickly decided and with great unanimity. But now came the important question, who, of their political colour, among the local magnates would undertake the task? Several names were quickly mentioned and almost as quickly dropped. Finally, three names were selected and a deputation appointed to wait that very evening or early next day on the gentlemen in question, and the meeting was adjourned to the following evening.

Evening came, and the deputation reported with very grave faces that neither of the gentlemen would stand.

Then other names were discussed, Dick Wembly's among the number, and in the discussion Dick's name gradually came to the top. Indeed, wonder was expressed that his name had not been mentioned the previous evening.

Before the meeting closed the chairman laid out Dick's merits in order.

First, he had no political opinions of his own, and consequently would do and say exactly what he was desired by the heads of the party.

Secondly, he would unite both Church and Dissent, for though he attended a Nonconformist place of worship, he was a Churchman by training and conviction—that is, supposing he had any convictions.



## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

Thirdly, he would gain the support of "the trade," since he was really the head of the "Granite Distillery Company." And he would not alienate the temperance party, since his connection with whisky was not generally known, and for election purposes might be diplomatically denied.

Fourthly, he was a local man, and a large ratepayer, and would therefore make local interests an important plank in his platform.

Fifthly—and this fact was for private consumption—he was a rich man, and would not fail in that delicate and subtle method of winning votes so well known to electioneers.

The chairman, secretary, and agent got into a cab and drove at once to The Firs. Dick knew in a moment what was in the wind and his heart gave a great bound. Nevertheless he listened to the representations of the deputation with no apparent enthusiasm. He deemed it good policy not to show any eagerness or anxiety about the matter.

The chairman waxed eloquent on Dick's many qualifications for the contest, and the agent promised to coach him for as many hours as he liked every day.

In the end Dick asked for twenty-four hours to consider the matter, and on the following evening announced that he was ready for the fray. The announcement was received with immense enthusiasm, and the loyal supporters of the candidate were requested by the chairman to "liquor up."

The funeral of the late member took place at eleven o'clock the following morning. At twelve o'clock Dick read his election address on the walls. The address was a document of great interest to him, for until he had read it he had not the remotest idea what his political opinions were. Getting a copy from his agent he retired to the privacy of The Firs to study it with more diligence and care.

"It seems a bit of a fraud," he reflected, "to put my name to a thing I had never seen, but I suppose it is all right. Cox evidently knows what he is about; though this appeal to the Nonconformists and the temperance party is a bit thin. However, the main thing is to win. Yes, win. For if I can win this seat, I think another win will follow," and he smiled broadly.

An hour later his agent Mr. Reginald Cox was announced.

"There's going to be an immense meeting in the Brunswick Hall to-night, sir," Mr. Cox began as soon as he entered the room, "so I thought I would come up and run over the points of your speech with you."

Wemibly looked scared.

"I'm afraid I shall make an awful ass of myself," he said; "the truth is, I know absolutely nothing about half the things you mention in my address."

"I thought you might be a bit shaky, that's the reason I've come up," Cox said with a smile. "Now let me know where you are stumped."

"Well, you mention that I'm in favour of licensing reform. What on earth does that mean?"

"Oh, it means nothing. It's just a phrase that will suit both parties, don't you see? The publicans want reforms in one direction; the teetotalers in another."

"Humph! Then what do you mean by parliament having due regard to the claims of the aged worker and the deserving poor?"

"Nothing again. But the working classes have to be mollified and encouraged. You can enlarge on their hardships. On the part they play in the life of the nation. On the need of more attention being paid to their wants. On the growing wish that their old age shall be brightened and cheered."

"But who really cares?"

"That is not the point, we have to catch votes——"

"But if we promise things——"

"Exactly, but that is what we must avoid. On no account descend to details. Talk broad generalities——"

"Then there is this sentence about the relief of local taxation by imperial grants. What does that mean?"

"Oh, it means a lot. It conveys an impression to the ordinary individual that his pocket is going to be saved. He doesn't realise that what comes out of the Government first comes out of his own pocket. That's where the beauty of the thing comes in. Selfishness is the strongest factor in human life, and if you can persuade individuals or communities that they are getting something for nothing—why, the trick is done."

"But it looks to me like bad finance."

"My dear sir, modern Governments are not run on business lines; if that were done,

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir



"I'M SURE I SHALL MAKE AN ASS OF MYSELF," WEMBLY SAID DOLEFULLY

two-thirds of the highly-paid officials would be swept out to-morrow and the other third would be compelled to do something."

"That's rather strong, isn't it? but never mind. What's all this about electoral reform, and compensation for disturbance, and fixity of tenure?"

"Catch phrases in the main. You must remember that the average Britisher dearly

loves to think that he is reforming something, that he is being compensated for his reforms, and that when he gets a snug berth he is not going to be turned out. You may enlarge on those points in a general way and commit yourself to nothing, but it will go down immensely with a working-class audience."

"I see. And are there any other points you wish me to observe?"

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

"Well, yes. If you find the interest flagging at all play the patriotic ticket; stuff a small Union Jack into your pocket, and at an opportune moment pull it out and call for three cheers for the empire. That always fetches them. I have already arranged for several people in different parts of the hall to lead the cheering."

"I'm sure I shall make an ass of myself," Wembly said dolefully.

"Not a bit of it, sir, if you keep to generalities—praise the Government and the working classes. Denounce excess in all kinds of vice, drunkenness included. Enlarge on the glories of freedom and the magnificence of our constitution, and you'll win with a canter."

"But they say the other chap has politics at his finger-ends."

"Oh, it goes for nothing. Besides, Sir Godfrey Marks is coming down to speak on behalf of the Government, and to reply to Green's election address."

"Anything else?"

"Only this. You must be prepared to shell out during the next fortnight. They say that your opponent is too poor to do a splash on an imposing scale. It is going to be hinted however that he's rich enough, but mean. And a character for stinginess will kill any candidate."

"The other side may hint the same about me."

"Exactly. Hence the necessity for a healthy splash. Of course care will have to be exercised. Don't you give a penny to a single soul, leave everything to me. The law against bribery is stiff, as you know. But there are more ways of killing a dog than choking him with butter."

"All right. I'll trust everything to you."

"After you are elected of course you'll have to subscribe to every cat-show, baby-show, poultry-show, flower-show, and agricultural-show. To every mothers'-meeting, Dorcas-meeting, tea-meeting, and teetotal-meeting. To every cricket-club, tennis-club, golf-club, football-club, goose-club, and burial-club. To every Church bazaar, Sunday-school anniversary, choir picnic, musical festival, stone-laying, and missionary meeting. To every testimonial fund, superannuation fund, famine fund, restoration fund, and hospital fund. To the Aborigines Society, the Peace Society, the Anti-opium Society, and the Anti-vivisection Society. To leagues innumerable

and to committees countless. That's all in the programme; the man who wants to serve his country must pay for it. Fortunately you've not had to nurse the constituency."

"But, good gracious, you should have told me all this before."

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed. You'll soon get used to it. Now I'll leave you so that you can work up your speech."

The meeting was a triumphant success. Nobody knew exactly what Dick Wembly said, but that was a small matter. The enthusiasm was boundless. Sir Godfrey Marks defended the Government with great ability, and so mauled Mr. Green's election address that there seemed to be nothing of it left.

At night torchlight processions were formed, and noisy crowds paraded the streets till the small hours of the morning; and if drink was cheap or could be had for nothing, nobody blamed Dick for the increase of drunkenness, for he had argued strongly in favour of "Licensing Reform."

For a full fortnight meetings were held every night and Dick talked himself hoarse. Indeed, he was surprised at his own glibness. It is true that his ignorance of political questions was simply colossal, but that did not appear to affect his popularity in the smallest degree. His emptiest platitudes were received with rounds of applause, and before the week was out it was seen that the tide was running strongly in his favour.

This decided those who had been waiting to see who was favourite. Dick came out at the top, and very much at the top. In fact he topped his predecessor's majority by more than a hundred votes.

That day was the proudest of Dick's life. At last he was Richard Wembly, Esq., M.P. At last he was in a position to offer something more than money to Adela Butler.

Anthony Weir heard of the election, but he took no interest in it. He had never spoken to Wembly since his humiliation. He had written to him once, for Dick had offered him financial help if he required it. He thanked him, but said he was not in need. So they drifted apart, and there seemed no likelihood that they would meet again.

Three months after the election it was announced in the local press that Mr. Richard Wembly, M.P., and Miss Adela

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

Butler were engaged to be married. Anthony read the announcement without any pang of regret. He had never loved her. All the love of his heart he had given to Phillis Day. He was equally convinced that Adela had never loved him. He knew she was ambitious; that she coveted position, that she pined for a larger social sphere than Workingham could give. Now she would gain her heart's desire. That she cared for Dick Wembly he did not for a moment believe. Possibly a nature like hers was incapable of love in any true sense of the word. Marriage was a mere matter of convenience, a stepping-stone to position, a means to an end.

It seemed to be the way of a considerable section of the world. It had been his way once. He had played the fool like thousands of others, and he was paying the penalty now.

And yet penalty was working out its own compensation. He had a thousand things to be thankful for. He had risked his soul to gain the world, and had come perilously near losing both. But God was good. The world had gone. Fame and wealth and luxury for which he had striven so hard and sacrificed so much were no longer within his reach: but he had not lost his soul. Nay, in truth he had found it, and what was infinitely more he had found God. Things that at one time were mere theories, and unsubstantial theories at that, were beautiful realities to him now. In very truth he walked with God. And the joy of it compensated a thousand-fold for all he had lost.

When the Martyr Gate people alluded to him, they always spoke of him as "poor Mr. Weir," and there was a tone of infinite regret in their speech—for the conviction had steadily grown even among those who had been most ready to condemn him that he was a wronged man. But if they could have read his heart they would not have called him poor.

For himself he felt that he was daily growing richer in all that could make life truly worthy or valuable. His very losses had been turned to his account.

He never went into the neighbourhood of Cambridge Park now; he had no time, and perhaps less inclination. Now and then he saw the Lukes and the Bilstones and Hyphen-Joneses pass the shop. But they were not book-buying people, and so

he never had the pleasure or the pain of serving them.

Adela Butler avoided the street altogether, and her best friends never dared to allude to Anthony Weir in her presence. She tried to put the incident of her engagement out of her life. It was an unfortunate and disagreeable episode to be forgotten as soon as possible.

She accepted Dick Wembly's offer of marriage with a readiness that quite astonished him. It was not simply because he was M.P., or that she was getting past her youth. She wanted to forget Anthony Weir and bury that episode in her life so deeply that it would never trouble her again.

As she accepted him so readily, Dick grew bolder and suggested an early marriage, and to his surprise she acquiesced in that also.

Within three months of their engagement the date of their marriage was fixed. As member for the Stonely division it was inevitable that the wedding should attract a good deal of attention—particularly in Workingham. Dick's agent looked at the matter from a political standpoint, and suggested a reception to which everybody who was anybody should be invited.

"The general election," he said, "cannot be so very far off, and you must do everything possible to keep up your popularity."

Dick pulled a wry face, but nevertheless fell in with his agent's views.

The wedding-day happened to be beautifully fine, and the crowd was enormous. The extensive grounds of The Firs were thrown open to the public, and the supply of refreshments was unlimited. Quite a number of M.P.s came down by special invitation, many of whom made speeches and praised Dick's gifts as a politician in language that at any other time would have seemed extravagant. They also had an eye to the general election that was looming in the near future.

Later in the day Anthony—from the little office at the back of the shop—heard customers discussing the great event with Dennis Wray and with each other, and waxing eloquent in describing the beauty of the bride and the splendour of her wedding attire.

"I hope she will be happy," he said to himself, and a pathetic smile stole over his face, then he went on with his writing.

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—COALS OF FIRE

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

THE day after Adela Butler's marriage the Lukes got a surprise. It came in the shape of a large blue envelope, with an Australian stamp and a Melbourne post-mark, and was addressed to Miss Rachel Luke.

It was delivered during the afternoon when only Miss Luke and Miss Jessie were in.

"What can it mean?" Miss Luke said excitedly. "She has never received a letter from Australia for the last ten years."

"Don't you think we might open it?" Jessie said, taking it from her sister's hand and examining the envelope.

"No, Jessie, it wouldn't be right."

"I don't see that. We are not going to steal anything."

"Still it isn't our letter," Miss Luke added with a sigh. "But I do wish I knew what it contains."

"But where's the wrong in steaming the envelope and satisfying our curiosity?" persisted Jessie. "It wouldn't be injuring anybody."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Luke with another sigh, "but all the same I don't like to do it."

"But nobody would see us, and nobody would know."

"Yes, God would see us," and Miss Luke sighed again.

Jessie flung the letter on the table with a gesture of impatience. "That all comes of the preaching we get," she said tartly. "I really don't see why the deacons of Martyr Gate could not have invited a young man who takes a cheerful view of life."

"It was the last year's preaching of Mr. Weir that did it," Miss Luke answered. "Somehow he made everybody feel that religion was not a thing to play at; and that full pews and big collections were after all only minor matters."

"Oh, I don't object to that, for I hated to be squeezed out of our pew every Sunday. But it's just as bad and worse to be made to feel that God sees everything that you do, and that you mayn't tell a fib, or backbite your enemy, or even envy your neighbour without doing wrong."

"But nobody can deny that Mr. Davies is a very good man and absolutely sincere."

"Oh, yes, he's too good by a long way. 916

He's so absolutely in earnest about religion. He says everything as though he meant it, that's what I object to. Now Mr. Weir never preached in that way, at least he didn't till after his accident. He was serious enough after, in all conscience."

"Yes, and isn't it strange that nothing else is remembered? That these very sermons that offended so many people seemed to change the whole tone of the Church. Mr. Davies was invited—not because he was eloquent or popular, but because he preached in the same intense face-to-face way."

"Well, I wish he wouldn't. He makes me feel hot all over sometimes. I like a religion that lets folks do what they like without feeling uncomfortable about it."

"And yet Mr. Davies seems one of the happiest men alive. He's always cheerful."

"But he doesn't make other people cheerful. At least that is my experience."

"But I think he does make other people cheerful. No, Jessie, there's no denying it that the people who are absolutely in earnest about the matter, to whom religion is a very real thing, who have just let themselves go, are the happiest folks in Martyr Gate."

"Well I don't want to let myself go," Jessie remarked flippantly. "I prefer to keep myself well in hand," and she took up the letter again and examined the envelope once more.

"It might be from some lawyer," Miss Luke said fretfully.

"The very thing I was thinking," was the reply. "I wish I dare open it."

"In one sense we have no reason to consider her," Miss Luke remarked slowly, "for her behaviour was abominable, and after all we had done for her."

"Oh, well, as to that, she did a good deal for us, and when a good chance came along she would have been a fool not to accept it."

"A good chance indeed! Why they must be starving together; if she had had money of her own it would have been different."

"I've heard they are as happy as two turtle-doves," Jessie said maliciously.

"You ought to know better than take notice of hearsay. I don't believe they will ever be happy together, and I'm sure they don't deserve to be."

At this point conversation was brought to a sudden end by the entrance of Mr. Luke, looking very pale and excited.



## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

"Where's your mother?" he asked anxiously.

"She's out making calls. Why?"

"I've a piece of news for her."

"Good or bad?"

"That depends how she takes it."

"Has it to do with Rachel?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because an Australian letter has just arrived for her."

"The same post brought me one, and evidently from the same firm of solicitors," he said, examining the envelope.

"Well, what is it all about?" Jessie demanded impatiently.

"Your cousin Rachel is an heiress."

"No—o?" and both young ladies sank back in their respective chairs.

"It's as true as I'm here. My brother Harry married a second time and amassed a large fortune."

"Well?"

"He died several years ago and left all his money to his second wife during the period of her natural life."

"Well?"

"Well, she has just died, and by the provisions of my brother's will, all the money comes to Rachel."

"Good gracious!"

"It's a curious right-about-face, for she will be able now to buy up the lot of us."

"The impertinent minx."

"It isn't her fault exactly," Mr. Luke said slowly, "though it puts us in a very awkward position. You see we have deliberately and publicly disowned her."

"And now she'll disown us," snapped Jessie, "and serves us right."

Miss Luke burst into tears. The tragedy of life was becoming more and more painful.

"Suppose she hadn't been alive?" Jessie questioned after a pause.

"In that case all the money would have come to me, being next of kin."

Jessie raised her hands, and then appeared to collapse. "Really, father," she gasped at length, "I do think you are the unluckiest man in the world."

"And she so nearly died when she had scarlet fever," sobbed Miss Luke, and then a long silence fell, during which Mrs. Luke sailed into the room and stared wonderingly from one to the other.

"Well, I should like to know what is up now?" she asked imperiously.

"We've had a piece of good news," said Jessie cynically.

"Good news?"

"Yes, a fortune has been left. You hush, father."

"A fortune? By whom?"

"Father's brother died in Australia. News only just arrived."

"Goodness gracious! How much has he left?"

"Nearly a hundred thousand pounds."

"Nearly a hundred thousand pounds!—oh my!—now we shall be able to lift up our heads."

"No, we shan't."

"Why not?"

"Because he's left all the money to Rachel."

"To Rachel?" Mrs. Luke almost screamed.

"Every penny of it."

"The awful selfish minx. Oh—oh——" and Mrs. Luke sank heavily into a chair and began to fan herself.

"William," cried Mrs. Luke, at length turning upon her husband a pair of blazing eyes, "is this true?"

"It is, my dear."

"Then you must stop it. It is shameful, it is wicked."

"But how can I prevent it?" he asked querulously.

"You are your brother's brother, are you not?" she demanded in strident tones.

"I believe so," he said, smiling pathetically, "that is, I was."

"Then you must claim your relationship. That girl is disinherited—cut off—she is no longer a Luke."

"But her marriage makes no difference."

"But she married without your consent. She defied you——"

"But I am not her father, my dear."

"But you stood in the place of a father to her. Think of it—a Vincent inheriting the property of a Luke! It is preposterous."

"It may seem preposterous to you, but she is her father's only child," and Mr. Luke did his best to look stern.

"I'm surprised at you, William," she cried fiercely. "You haven't the pluck of a goose. If this selfish young minx and her worthless husband get hold of all this money where shall we be? They'll be able to look down upon us with scorn.—Oh dear, it's too terrible to think of."

"Then don't think of it, my dear."

"William, how dare you!"

But William diplomatically left the house with the letter in his pocket.

Going back to the shop, he put Rachel's

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

letter in a large envelope, with a covering letter of his own, then went and posted it himself.

He heaved a sigh as he did so. It was best to put himself out of reach of temptation. He might perhaps by threatening Rachel with legal proceedings secure a portion of the spoils for himself. She was generous almost to a fault, and would rather sacrifice her rights than quarrel.

But — Well, he had been looking at life from a different standpoint of late. Religion was not merely believing, it was doing. Professionalism would avail nothing in the day of judgment.

It would be wrong to keep back the letter, especially with the idea of making the delay serve his own ends.

No, he had done the right thing, and when he heard the letter fall into the box, he was glad that he had posted it.

Rachel and Paul were seated at breakfast in their tiny dining-room when the fateful letter was brought. There was an additional piece of furniture in the room since last we looked into it. In the chimney-recess was a swing-cot, in which a plump blue-eyed bit of humanity lay wide-awake, staring philosophically at the ceiling.

"You shouldn't worry, darling," Rachel was saying to her husband. "I'm quite strong."

"But you are working far too hard, my love. We must have more help," and he looked anxiously into her sweet brown eyes.

"Oh no, Paul, I can manage very well, and as for baby, bless him, he's no trouble at all."

"But he's getting too heavy for you to nurse. And if I do without a suit of clothes this year that will do something towards getting help for you."

"You old darling, you shall do nothing of the kind. You have already sacrificed your tobacco, and I will not hear of you sacrificing anything else."

"But, Rachel, I cannot bear to see you looking so pale."

"Oh, you foolish old darling, I'm as well as I can be. But there's the post."

And Paul rose at once, and went and fetched the letters.

"Only two," he said, coming back into the room, "and the big one is for you."

"Why, it's from Uncle Luke," she exclaimed. "I wonder what is up."

Paul did not heed her. His letter was

an appeal for a subscription in aid of a deserving charity, and he was wondering if he should send a frank reply that he couldn't afford anything, or if he should do with a meal less. He knew that hundreds of his brethren throughout the country gave out of their poverty, and fasted occasionally that they might help to feed others who were more hungry.

But his reverie was broken in upon by the voice that was always as music in his ears.

"Paul, darling, what does it mean? Here is another letter that uncle encloses, and he says that he congratulates me on my good fortune, and hopes that we are both well and happy."

Paul seized the second letter and tore it open, and began to read, his eyes growing wider and wider all the while.

"What is it all about?" Rachel asked, looking wonderingly up into his face.

"Well, I never," he burst out at length.

"Do tell me, you tantalising man, what it means," she cried.

"It means, darling, that you'll be able to keep a nurse," and he caught her in his arms and kissed her, at which proceeding the son and heir in the cot began to crow in his infantile way as though he were highly pleased.

"Oh, you big bear," she said, struggling and laughing, "but you have told me nothing yet."

Then he grew suddenly grave. "I've not fully grasped it myself yet," he said. "But it seems that your father made a large fortune in Australia."

"No—o?"

"That he married a second time."

"Oh, Paul!"

"That on his death he left all his money to his wife for the term of her natural life."

"And quite right."

"But that on her decease it was to revert absolutely to his daughter Rachel."

"Yes, Paul?" eagerly.

"Well, my darling, the second Mrs. Luke has just died, and your father's executors and solicitors are only waiting your authority to hand over the money."

Rachel sat down and breathed hard. "Is it much?" she asked at length.

"I am sorry to say it is," he answered gravely. "The truth is you are a very rich woman, and you have thrown yourself away on a penniless parson."



"IS IT MUCH?" SHE ASKED AT LENGTH

## The Awakening of Anthony Weir

Her arms were about his neck in a moment. "Hitherto, darling, you have given me everything. You had to buy clothes for me even during the first year of our marriage. Your life has been one denial for my sake, and I have had nothing to give you in return but my love."

"Your love, sweetheart, is more to me than all the wealth of Australia."

"And you won't love me any the less now that I shall be able to help you to keep house?"

"Love you less, little one?—" and the tears came into his eyes for answer.

For awhile there was silence. Then he spoke again.

"It will be a great trial to us, sweetheart. Wealth is harder to bear than poverty. Think if we should grow self-indulgent and lose our vision of duty to God."

"I'd rather give it all away before it had time to corrode our hearts," she said.

"It's not my money, darling," he said with a smile.

"And I am only a steward," she said. "Surely God will help me to use it wisely if I ask Him."

"It will be discipline for you, darling."

"And for you also, for all that is mine is yours. But, Paul, what do you say about giving a slice to Uncle Luke? He is father's brother, you know, and he maintained me for years."

"And nearly worked you to death for payment."

"That was not uncle."

"Write to him, little one, and ask him to come over."

"It will hurt him to come. You know how he disowned me."

"He won't do it any longer; and if it hurts him it will do him good."

So Rachel wrote to him a sweet, gracious letter. And he came by the next train, and the tears rolled down his face when he kissed her, and for awhile he choked so that he could not speak.

"You kept me for years, uncle," she

said. "You fed and clothed me when I had not a friend in the world——"

"No, no, Rachel," he said, "I treated you badly, especially at the last. I—I—— Oh, Rachel, can you forgive me?"

"You did not know all," she said. "And I have been so happy ever since that I could not cherish any ill feeling in my heart."

"And I have been very miserable," he answered. "And I would have come to you and asked for pardon if I dared," and the tears rolled down his face again.

"I have nothing to forgive," she said, "and if I had, I would forgive you, oh, so gladly. Now, I want to help you. You are my father's brother, and Paul says I should give you five thousand pounds as a love-token."

"You do not mean it?" he gasped.

"But I do, uncle. I know you do not need it——"

"Hush!" he cried out, and he sank into a chair and shook as if smitten with palsy. She looked at him wonderingly.

He looked up at length and smiled pathetically.

"Business has been very bad these last two years," he said brokenly, "and, indeed, I am in sore straits; but trade is mending again, and a thousand pounds would set me on my feet."

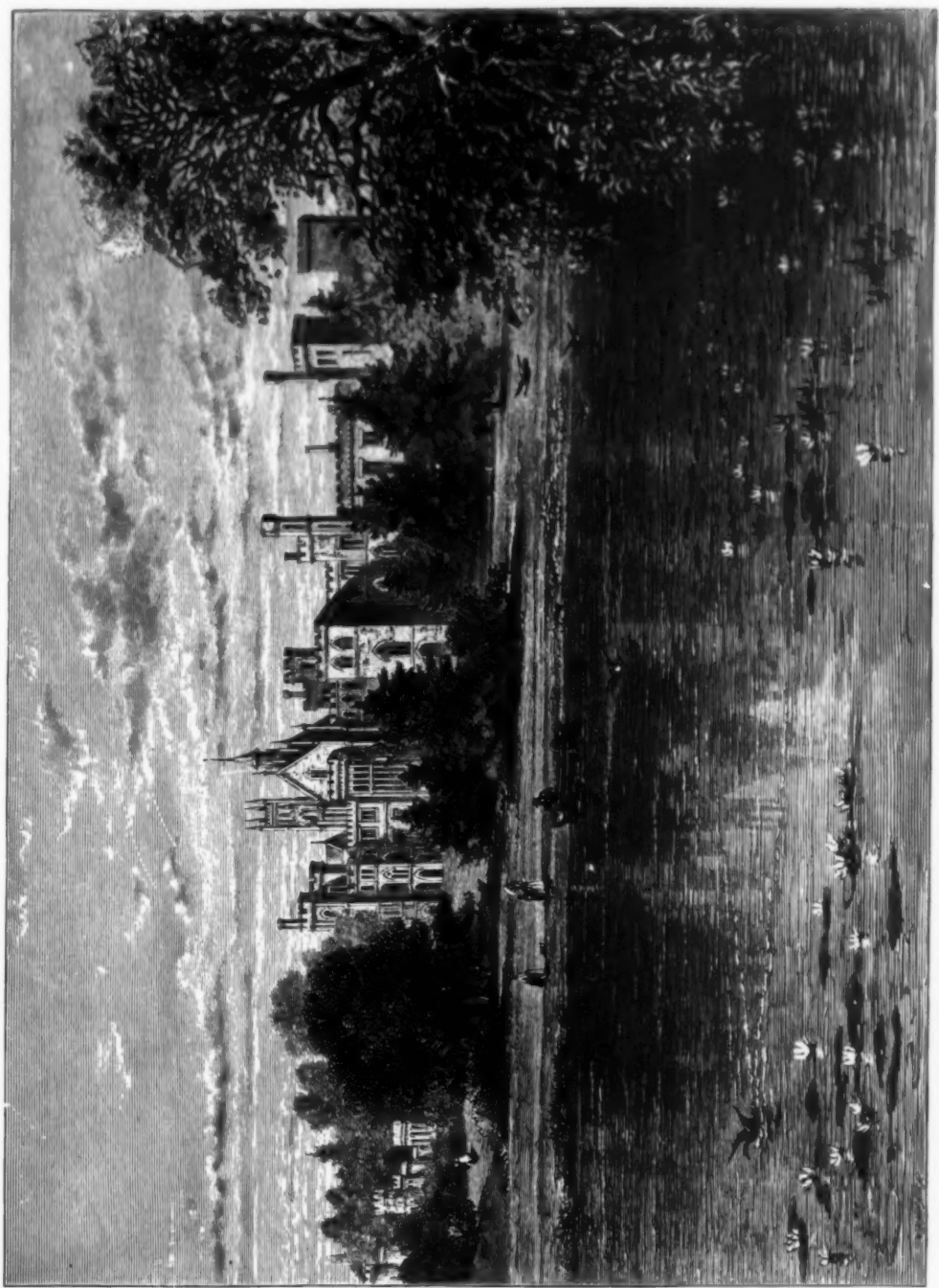
Instantly she bent over his chair and kissed him. "Oh, I am so glad I can help you," she said, "and you must come and see me often. And remember that while Paul and I have a crust, you are welcome to share it."

It was late when he got home that night. He walked from the station to his house in a strangely subdued mood. And when he told his wife and daughters what Rachel had done, they turned away their faces.

He expected they would make a reply of some kind, but they seemed unable, and after a moment of painful silence they turned and walked out of the room.

(To be continued.)





ALTON TOWERS



## Ronda

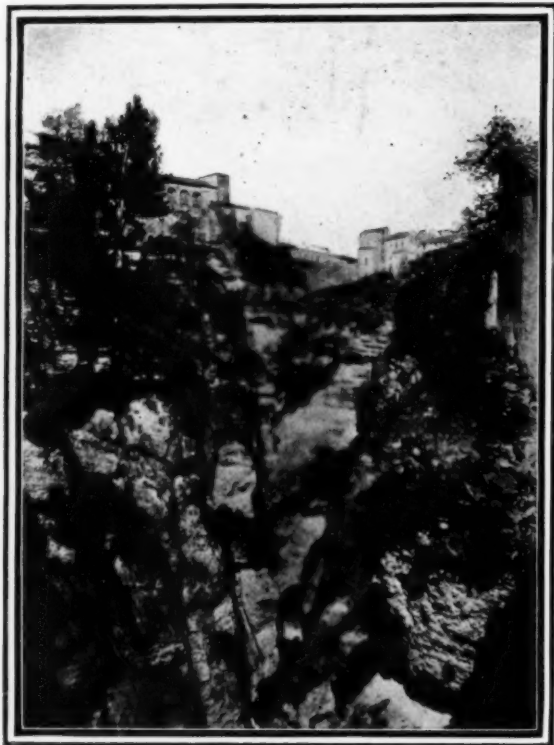
THE traveller crossing Southern Spain to Gibraltar little imagines as the train descends the long inclines of the Andalusian sierras, that he is passing one of the most old-world towns in the Peninsula. This is Ronda, a place of which not even the name was known a few years ago to the average Englishman. For the railway is new. If it had not been for British enterprise, it is a question whether it would ever have been constructed at all; for Spain in such matters is lethargic and pesetas are scarce. But it occurred to some capitalists that a railway connecting the rest of the world with Gibraltar might be "a good thing," and British capital (which finances so many a Spanish undertaking) being forthcoming, the line became an accomplished fact.

Ronda lies at about one-third of the distance between Bobadilla Junction and

Algesiras, the sunny little town on the bay facing Gibraltar. Fortunately for the picturesque character of the place, the railway is not in evidence from the town. No one would guess as the train glides over the brown wind-swept table-land on which the station is built, that half-a-mile away lay a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Still less would he gather from the somewhat tame surroundings any idea of its magnificent position. For Ronda occupies one of the most extraordinary sites of any town in Europe, being perched on the summit of tremendous precipices some six hundred feet in height. In addition to this it is divided into two distinct portions by a deep gorge, or canyon, known locally as the *Tajo*, which, splitting the lofty table-land with a cleft clean as though from the sword of a giant, forms an outlet for the rock-strewn torrent of the Guadalevin.

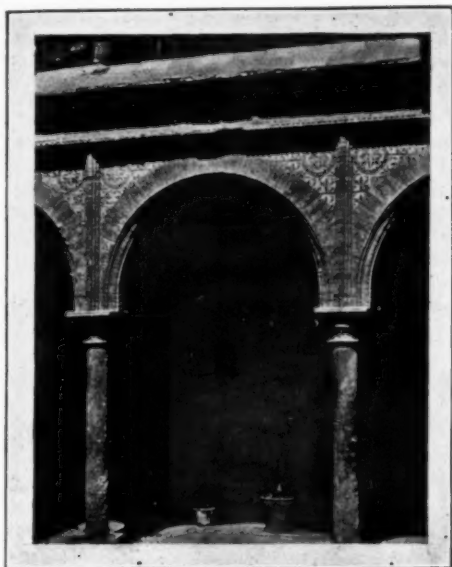
Across this abyss, supported upon two huge abutments, strides a massive bridge of masonry, two hundred feet long, three hundred and fifty high, a gigantic work erected in 1793 by José Martin de Aldehuela of Malaga. But although the architect saw his bridge completed he did not live to see it opened. Fate, with strange irony, ruled otherwise. The story goes that he dropped down dead during his final inspection on the very eve of the ceremony!

Ronda is a place with a history. It has been occupied by Roman, Vandal—from which, by the way, comes the name Andalusia—Visigoth, Moor, and Spaniard. Under the Moors it became the capital of a small independent kingdom, and for a long time held out against the Christian armies overrunning Andalusia. It was reserved for Ferdinand the Catholic to overcome this eyrie of the Saracen, and in 1478 Ronda fell. I have heard it claimed for Ronda that it was the last Moorish fortress in Spain to succumb to the infidel. But as Granada did not fall till 1485 this



RONDA, FROM THE BRIDGE

## Ronda



IN THE ALCAZAR, RONDA

must be an error. The siege, one of the most celebrated in the annals of the great Conquest, is further noteworthy for the fact that it was the first occasion upon which the Spaniards used iron cannon-balls.

The conquered city was at once occupied by the victors. But as the population increased the Ronda of the Moors became too confined, and another town arose on the opposite side of the Tajo—the Ronda of to-day. Although far from being a place of modern growth, Spanish Ronda, if we may so call it, with its white houses and paved streets, is very different from the Ronda of the Moors. Over the old town broods an air of antiquity. Here is the so-called Roman bridge spanning the upper and less precipitous end of the ravine, and here, hard by the bridge, are the subterranean steps that descend to the river. These steps hewn in the solid rock were the work of the Moors, and were of course designed to enable the inhabitants to obtain

water in time of siege. Here, too, is the cathedral, a building of rich brown stone and a strange mixture of architecture—Roman, Moorish, and Gothic. Traces of Roman work are, it must be confessed, rather difficult of identification: in fact most of the Roman remains are at Ronda la Vieja—the ancient *Arunda*, at some little distance. This, I may mention in passing, is well worth a visit, there being portions of a fine aqueduct and other ruins.

But the Moorish architecture is obvious enough, and still more plainly may it be traced in some of the houses. One in particular—forming part, I fancy, of the *Alcazar*—still retains its *patio* or courtyard, surrounded by graceful columns supporting a Moorish arch. And still, on the steep hillside beyond the precipices, may be traced the ruins of the old fortifications, one of the gateways singularly perfect. Apparently even among Spaniards there are those who care for these relics of the past; for some one, though with more zeal than discretion, has coloured the interior a brilliant blue!

Modern Ronda is chiefly celebrated for its bull-ring, one of the oldest, I have heard, in Spain. Here during the *festas* of May you have the opportunity of witnessing the performances of *diestros* renowned throughout Spain, for this *Plaza de Toros* is famous. I say you have the opportunity, whether you have the inclination is another matter. It is to be hoped *not*. For bull-baiting is a cruel sport, and although the



THE CATHEDRAL, RONDA

## Ronda

barbarities practised elsewhere—at Lisbon, for instance, where I was told that a gored horse has his wounds stuffed with paper and is made to amuse (?) the populace till he drops—may not obtain at Ronda, yet I cannot think that any person of refined feeling would care to see bull, horse, and occasionally, though very rarely, *matador* “butchered to make a *Spanish* holiday.”

Ronda is still very primitive, and the shops are scarcely more numerous than in a good-sized English village. And very few of them are larger. As for the elegancies of life, the people know them not. There are no fancy shops; nothing in the way of art, or what the auctioneer called “objects of bigotry and virtue,” is to be obtained: there is not a photograph in the place. Everything is strictly utilitarian. There are provision dealers, drapers, tailors, saddlers—especially saddlers. The Andalusian likes colour, not so much on his person as on his belongings. And he particularly enjoys decorating his mules and horses. And so the trappings of horses are plentiful in Ronda, and are sometimes quite gorgeous in red, yellow, and blue.

The views from this elevated town on the cliff are very fine. The bridge, perhaps the favourite look-out, commands a wild panorama of distant ranges, of nearer hills, of sombre olive wood, of greener pasture; while, on either hand, the precipices sinking straight as a wall framing in the gorge of the Guadalevin. “Leaning over the parapet and dominating this chaos of rocks, this tumult of foaming waters,” says a writer in the *Revue Universelle*, “the curious can watch the eagles and vultures hovering below. Seen from below, the view of this gigantic bridge and of the city lost apparently in the clouds is still more imposing.”

Save for the “eagles and vultures,” I can pretty well bear out this description. For I have not only “leant over the parapet,” but have “seen from below” the bridge—and more than the bridge. Intent, if possible, on entering the gorge, I made a *détour* through the Moorish town, and scrambling down a rough hillside, managed with some difficulty to work my way beneath the bridge and over (and occasionally under) the “chaos” into the very heart of the chasm that cleaves the town in twain. With the torrent in flood, the feat would have been impossible, but the weather had been dry for April, and by taking to the water, I was able to get into the narrowest,

if not the highest, part of the canyon where the great walls of rock nearly meet.

Right overhead, sometimes seen through bushes just breaking into the delicate green of spring, sometimes standing out white and dazzling against the blue of the southern sky, the houses of Ronda peered over the very edge of the precipice. For the most part the gorge was dark and gloomy, but here and there shafts of sunlight struck across the gloom turning the brown water to gold, while now and again the still pool before me was ruffled by the dip of some bird that had its home in the rock crannies above.

The Alameda commands another view. The Alameda is the public promenade. In these gardens the good folk of Ronda delight to show their fine feathers, and here on a summer's evening they assemble in force. You do not at first recognise the fact that a precipice is near. I shall never forget my first visit. A broad path led towards some iron railings, apparently marking the end of the grounds. And they did! When I reached them I found myself looking into space. At my feet, almost under them, was a precipice five hundred feet or more high. The rock must be very enduring. For not only is this wall and railing on the very edge, but several of the houses as well; the balcony of one, I think the *Alcazar*, actually having nothing between its flooring and the base of the cliff!

It has been said that the Spain of to-day is to be found in Andalusia. Certainly the white houses of Ronda with their red-tiled roofs and green jalousies compare very favourably with the wretched little towns of Castile, while the people are taller and handsomer than most Spaniards. Ronda is, in fact, a good example of the better sort of Spanish country town, and its inhabitants are certainly favourable specimens of Spanish country people. They are a dark good-looking race, still bearing traces of their Moorish ancestry. Like all Spaniards the women are livelier than the men; it takes a good deal to raise a smile on the face of a *señor*; very little to make a *señora* laugh heartily. They are best seen to advantage in the evening, when, emerging from the *siesta*, they promenade the public square and the Alameda. Later, much dignified love-making may be seen; dusky figures in long cloak and sombrero hovering in the darkness about the grilles which enclose as with an iron cage most of the lower

## Ronda

windows in Ronda, and which add so much to the picturesque appearance of the houses. It must be a cold business even in summer. For Ronda lies 2500 feet above sea level, and the air off the sierras is chill.

We were treated in the evening to a calisthenic display that was truly amazing. The entertainment took place in a large room over a wine shop. There was no charge, every one placing what he liked in a plate held at the door. I must say that I had my peseta's worth. Never have I witnessed such marvellous figures, such appalling energy, as were exhibited by the group of stalwart Andalusians, male and female, that "took the floor." Dressed in their picturesque national costume—too little worn, alas! now-a-days—men and girls pirouetted, stamped, bounded, and curvetted in a manner which in any but a southern nation would have been ridiculous. But an Andalusian is nothing if not graceful, and the stately bows at the conclusion of each figure were alone a revelation.

Considering its population, the streets of Ronda can scarcely be said to be lively. The omnipresent priest in his dark cassock and immense hat is, of course, to the fore; there are generally a few ragamuffins in blue blouses and red caps on the look-out for a job, and always ready to *beg* of the casual tourist. Now and then a string of mules passes slowly up the street, driven, or rather followed, by a nondescript figure, with his legs dangling from a saddle—often a pad of straw—and the eternal cigarette between his lips. And occasionally an odd-looking hooded cart lumbers into view, laden, perhaps, with fruit, or a rougher vehicle jolts over the stones full of farm produce or barrels for the vineyards. But there is little else. The people stay in their houses, or loiter, gossiping, about the shop doors. There is indeed no commercial energy, except below the bridge, where, at the mouth of the gorge, are large flour-mills which do, I hear, a lucrative and steady trade.

The hotels—for Spain—are very tolerable; at least I can speak of the Hotel American, now, I fancy, trading under a less obnoxious name; in fact the last word had been removed from the walls before we arrived, which was only the day after the declaration of war. There is also the larger "Gibraltar," which is said to be very comfortable. In speaking of Spanish hotels I always recall the words of a Spaniard himself. When asked his opinion of a certain house of entertainment he gravely gave it thus: "A house without fleas, and we know there be few such in Spain." There be few such indeed; but our Ronda hotel was, I think, one of them.

We left Ronda in disgrace. In this far-



STREET IN RONDA

away mountain town the people either could not or would not differentiate between one English-speaking race and another. Cæsar and Pompey were very much alike—especially Cæsar, and were not *los Ingleses* and *los Yankees* akin? So the crowd that gathered to see us off cast at us looks that were anything but friendly. In vain some one shouted *Viva España!* there was not so much as a smile, while the brace of military gentlemen that were supposed to guard the train from brigands actually looked the other way. Nevertheless, our recollections of this Andalusian eyrie are too pleasant to allow us to take umbrage at the demeanour of its inhabitants. We will return good for evil and wish them, with all heartiness, the beautiful Spanish farewell—*Vaya con Dios!*

JOHN LL. WARDEN PAGE.



## Glories of Southern Skies

IN the skies of the Southern Hemisphere there are numerous constellations, clusters of stars, nebulae, and other celestial objects that are never seen in Europe, as they are always below the horizon in latitudes far north of the Equator. Many of these objects are of surpassing splendour, and the brighter skies of southern regions enable them to be seen with much greater distinctness, and with far greater frequency than similar objects are seen in the mist-laden atmosphere of Great Britain. So far as is at present known, the nearest fixed star in the whole heavens is Alpha Centauri, a brilliant double star in the constellation of Centaurus, not far from the well-known Southern Cross. The most magnificent cluster of stars in the visible universe is that known as Omega Centauri, also in the constellation of Centaurus. The large and small Magellan Clouds are wholly dissimilar from anything visible in Europe; whilst the nebula round Eta Argus, in the constellation of Argo, the glorious Southern Cross, and the splendid portions of the Milky Way that include and surround these constellations, render the whole region very striking, and deeply interesting.

Let us first deal with the star Alpha Centauri, situated from our system by the enormous distance of twenty-five billions of miles. Can we put in a small compass an easily-understood description as to how this distance is arrived at, and then give facts and data that will enable readers to get some distinct ideas of what that distance really means? Let us make the endeavour.

The first step in the trigonometrical survey of the heavens is to measure our own earth. In order to do this, if we can measure a degree of latitude, and then multiply that distance by three hundred and sixty—the number of degrees in a circle—we at once get the circumference of the earth, from which all its other dimensions are readily obtainable. As degrees of latitude, however, are not marked on the earth's surface, we must have recourse to the heavens. Suppose the meridian altitude of a star looking south to an observer in London is eighty degrees: now suppose the observer went due north from London until the same star measured seventy-nine degrees when it culminated, or reached its meridian

altitude. If the distance between the two places where the observations were made is measured, it would be the length of a degree of latitude, and if this distance is multiplied by three hundred and sixty, the girth of the earth is found. In practice, the measurement of an arc of the meridian, usually embracing several degrees of latitude, is one of infinite precision and exactness, but the principle is the same.

The next step in our survey is to use the distance through the earth between two stations or observatories on opposite sides of it as a base-line to get the distance of the sun from us. The length of this base-line is so small compared with the vast distance of the sun, that the triangle is what is termed in geodesy an "ill-conditioned" one, but astronomers have to make the best of it. It would be beyond the scope of this article to enter into the methods adopted to find the sun's distance. The transits of Venus across the sun's disc viewed from stations on different sides of the earth is the method most commonly known, but other and more accurate methods are now used. The mean distance of our luminary is given as 92,780,000 miles. Twice this distance, or 185,560,000 miles, is the length of the diameter of the earth's orbit, and this great distance is the base-line for finding the distance of the stars. Stellar distances are however so enormous, that a triangle with the length of its known side, 185,560,000 miles, is still a very ill-conditioned one indeed, but is the best that the circumstances admit. There are certain minute stars in the direction of Alpha Centauri, but supposed to lie so immeasurably beyond it that they are regarded as absolutely fixed, and their places in the heavens as entirely unaffected by our change of position, as the earth circles in its orbit round the sun. The position of Alpha Centauri is accurately measured with reference to some of these minute stars, let us say to-day. In six months' time we shall have changed our position in space by 185,560,000 miles: again, the position of Alpha Centauri is measured with reference to the same small stars, and it is found that our change of position during that interval has resulted in a change of position of the bright star with reference to the small ones equal to



## Glories of Southern Skies

about three-quarters of a second of arc. With this very small angle, and the known length of our base-line, Alpha Centauri is found to be at least 25,000,000,000,000 miles from us. It may here be mentioned that photography is now largely used in measuring the relative parallax or positions of stars, and is found to be a convenient and accurate method.

The fact is, our sun and his attendant planets are surrounded by practically a vast void, at the least fifty billions of miles across, the only occupants of this immense region being a few comets and unconsidered trifles in the way of meteorites. It is a very remarkable fact, and one that is not sufficiently considered, that out of the many millions of stars, there is not one that shows a distinct disc, even in the world's greatest telescopes, as, great and small, they all appear as points of light only. The discs on stellar photographs of the larger stars are spurious discs, caused by their over-exposure. In order to get images of minute stars, a long exposure is required, and this necessarily results in the over-exposure and consequent production of false discs of the larger ones. The outcome of the fact that no stars show discs in any part of the heavens is that they are not markedly nearer to us in any one direction than in any other direction; and as the Milky Way divides both southern and northern skies, roughly speaking, into two great halves, we are not far from the plane of the great ring or zone of stars forming the Galaxy. Our position in the visible universe seems to be therefore a tolerably central one.

Now let us try to form some idea of what twenty-five billions of miles mean. Light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles in a second, and the time it would take light to reach us from a heavenly body is called the light-journey, and is generally used to give an idea of stellar distances. It would take four and a quarter years for light emitted from Alpha Centauri to reach our earth. We cannot, however, form any clear idea of such a vast velocity as light travels at. Let us try some other standard. A cannon-ball

or rifle-bullet would require more than two millions of years to go from the earth to the star, and an express-train travelling at sixty miles an hour without intermission, would require upwards of forty-seven millions of years to reach this, the nearest of all the stars! Compared with these vast intervals of time, the whole historic period is, as it were, but a question of yesterday, or as a single swing of the pendulum of the great clock of Eternity. When standing at a wayside station on one of the great lines of railway, and watching an express-train tear through at the rate of sixty miles an hour, it seems almost past belief that it would take that train more than four hundred and seventy thousand centuries to cover the distance that intervenes between us and our nearest stellar neighbour.

Another method to enable us to form some idea of the vast scale upon which the universe is built is to try to make a model of a part of it. Suppose we adopt a scale for the model of a million miles to the inch.

North



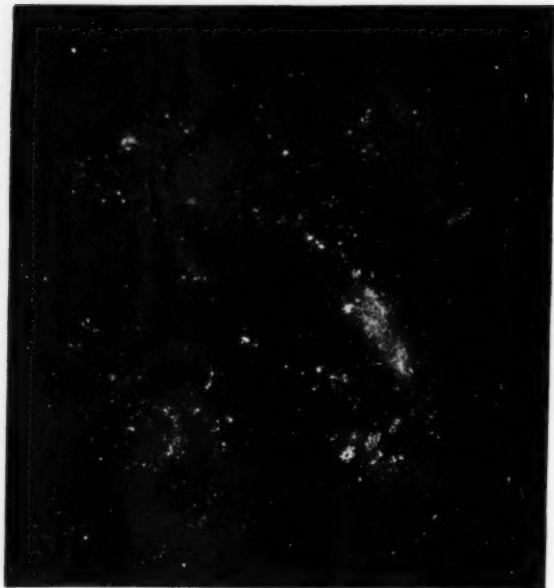
*Photographed at the Observatory, Arequipa, Peru*

THE GREAT CLUSTER, OMEGA CENTAURI

*Exposure one hour, eighteen minutes*

## Glories of Southern Skies

North



Photographed at the Observatory, Arequipa, Peru  
THE LARGE MAGELLAN CLOUD  
Exposure three hours, five minutes

Take a marble rather under an inch in diameter to represent the sun. A grain of coarse sand or a pin's head placed about seven feet eight inches from the marble would represent the earth; then Alpha Centauri, on the same scale, would be represented by another such marble placed at a distance of 394 miles. If the marble representing the sun in the model is placed in London, the marble representing the star would have to be placed in Aberdeen! If this is the scale for the nearest star, what are we to say of the most distant ones that leave their images on sensitive photographic plates in star cameras after many hours of exposure? Some of these stars are considered to be many thousands of times more distant.

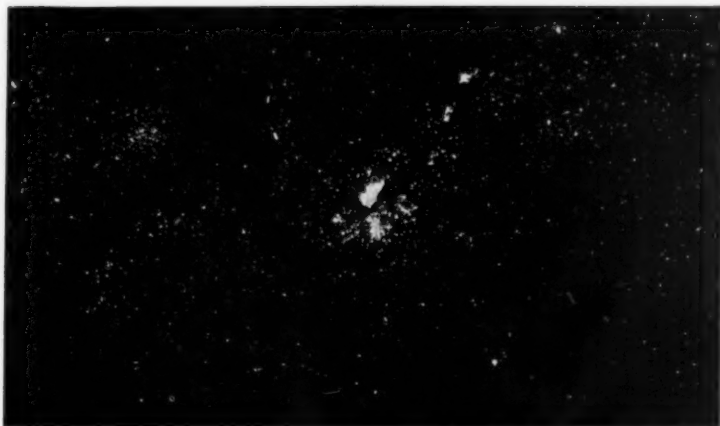
The magnificent cluster of stars known as Omega Centauri is faintly seen in southern skies with the naked eye. When viewed through a powerful telescope, it is found to consist of about 6400 stars of about the fourth magnitude, forming almost a blaze of light in the centre. It is beyond all doubt the richest and the largest object of its kind in the heavens. Some idea of the vast distance that separates this cluster of suns from us may be formed from the fact that the

united light of the 6400 stars shines in the sky with no greater light than a single star of the fourth magnitude would do. Large numbers of the component stars in this cluster are variable, upwards of one hundred of these varying in brightness in short periods of under twenty-four hours. This globular cluster of suns is a universe in itself, and the conclusion seems to be that worlds revolving round these suns would have perpetual daylight. The blaze of light to the inhabitants of these worlds would hide all external systems, so that here we have the strange anomaly that an excess of light may hide more than it reveals. It is difficult to imagine the complicated conditions of light and heat which would obtain on worlds circling round individual suns of the associated group of suns forming these globular clusters, and the climatic conditions that would result from the occasional close proximity of other suns of the group.

The Magellanic Clouds are remarkable objects in the southern sky, forming two bright spots, roughly circular, of milky light, looking like patches of the Milky Way, but are not in any way connected with the Galaxy. The larger cloud, or Nubecula Major, occupies a space in the heavens about two hundred times the apparent size of the full moon. A good telescope shows that it consists of about two hundred clusters and nebulae, besides many thousands of stars. Mr. Russell, the Government Astronomer at Sydney, says: "The whole of this great cloud is a complex spiral nebula, with two centres, if I may so express it." This spiral character was first noticed by him on some photographs taken in 1890, and the discovery is a very remarkable one, and corroborates Sir John Herschel's statement made long ago, "that the Nubeculae are to be regarded as systems *sui generis*, and which have no analogues in the northern hemisphere. The best known spiral nebula in the heavens is the very remarkable one in the constellation of Canes Venatici, or The Greyhounds, and there are other spiral nebulae in other parts of the sky. In this instance, however, we have the whole of

## Glories of Southern Skies

North



*Photographed at the Observatory, Arequipa, Peru*

THE NEBULA ABOUT ETA ARGUS

*Exposure one hour, eighteen minutes*

the great Magellan Cloud, with its swarms of nebulae and clusters, forming a gigantic spiral of itself. The small Magellanic Cloud, or Nubecula Minor, is fainter to the eye, and not so rich in the telescope. The photographs indicate a similarity in form to the well-known dumb-bell nebula. It is broken into many groups, knots, and straggling branches. It is surrounded by a barren region, remarkably devoid of stars. Close to it is the remarkable globular cluster known as 47 Tucani. This cluster is similar to Omega Centauri, but is not so large, and contains, according to Professor Pickering, 1495 bright stars, and 740 faint ones, giving a total of 2235 components. These globular clusters are very remarkable objects, and from the seeming chaos of the general distribution of the stars in space, it is quite a relief to the mind when one of these glorious and compact universes, indicating design, enters into the field of the telescope.

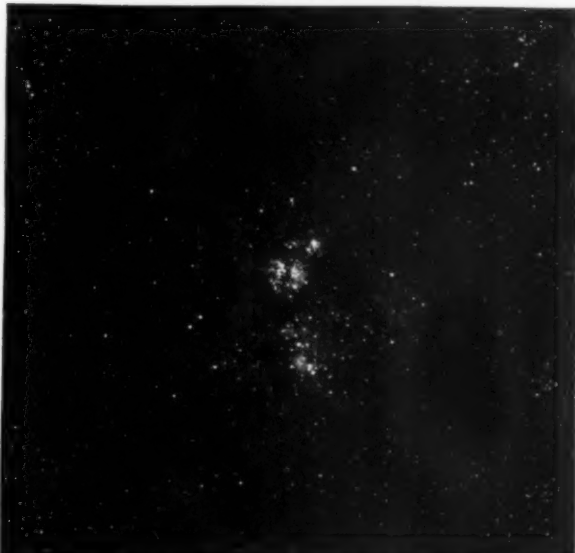
The nebula surrounding the variable star, Eta Argus, is sometimes called

929

the Key-hole nebula. Sir John Herschell says: "It is not easy for language to convey a full impression of the beauty and sublimity of the spectacle which the nebula offers as it enters the field of a large telescope, ushered in as it is by so glorious and innumerable a procession of stars to which it forms a sort of climax, and in a part of the heavens otherwise full of

interest." The nebula has undergone considerable changes in appearance since Herschell's time, and it is now found to consist of glowing gas. It occupies a space about five times the apparent size of the moon, and can therefore be seen with the naked eye. Mr. Russell, of the Sydney Observatory, says there is

North



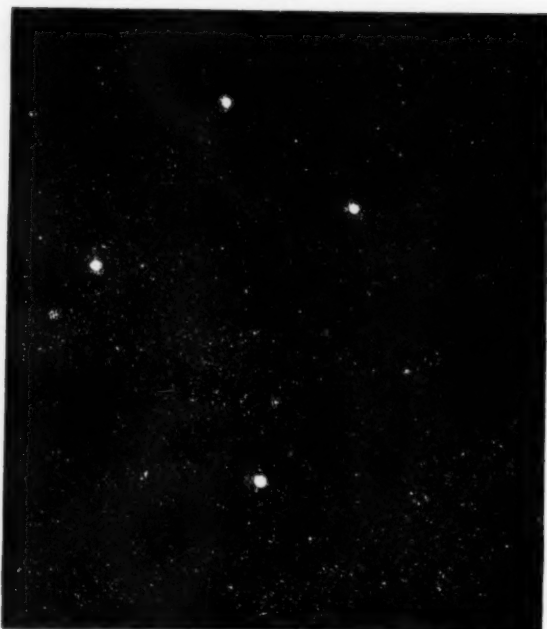
*Photographed at the Sydney Observatory by H. C. Russell, Government Astronomer*

NEBULA ABOUT ETA ARGUS

3 T

## Glories of Southern Skies

North



*Photographed at the Observatory, Arequipa, Peru*

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

*Exposure two hours, ten minutes*

evidence that this nebula is also spiral in character.

The well-known and fine group of the Southern Cross is another glory of southern skies. The star at the top of the Cross is known as Gamma Crucis, that at the bottom as Alpha Crucis, and these two stars point almost exactly to the south pole of the heavens. As the Cross swings round in the sky, caused by the rotation of the earth on

its axis, it always points to the same centre, and forms a sort of hour-hand, similar to that of a clock, by which Australian bushmen can tell the hour of the night with considerable exactness. Of course, however, the position of the Cross at any particular hour of the night varies with the season of the year, and allowance has to be made for this in using the Cross as a celestial clock.

There is a fine cluster surrounding the star Cappa Crucis in this constellation of about one hundred stars of various brilliant colours, which, contrasting wonderfully with each other, in a large telescope, presents the appearance of a fine piece of jewellery. This cluster is seen in the photograph near the left-hand star forming the Cross. The "Coal-Sack" of Herschell also appears in the photograph below the cluster just mentioned. This appears as a black spot or region amidst the general blaze of light nearly devoid of stars. Stars, however, appear on photographs even in this bare region that cannot be seen even in the most powerful telescopes.

Who shall deal with the profundities of infinite space, and the countless hosts of heaven! When viewing the blaze of innumerable stars and systems in the richest portions of either the northern or southern skies, we may well exclaim with the German poet, Richter, "End there is none to the Universe of God. Lo! also there is no beginning!"

A. D. AUSTIN.



## Rebellion in Radford Row

"**W**HERE'S Mrs. Martin, then?" inquired one of a little group of women who had chanced to come together on a spacious staircase landing of a dilapidated old house that had at one time been a respectable middle-class dwelling. "I ain't seen 'er all day, and 'er door's locked."

"Oh, poor old 'ooman, she's gone a room 'unting."

"Oh, good luck to 'er! I'd go myself if I thought as 'twere any good."

"There ain't no places to be 'ad, Mrs. Jenkins," chimed in another of the party of gossips. "Mary Bowles was trapesin' all round the neighbourhood on'y yesterday, and the tales as she come 'ome with you wouldn't believe. She said as 'ow there was one poor ole body as the landlord had put out her sticks into the street, and before 'e'd cleared 'er out, there was three more people almost a' fightin' for 'er room."

"You can't get rooms at no price," said Mrs. Jenkins, "and the landlords knows it, and they jest treats 'e anyhow. If you grumbles at your rent or your room, all they says is, 'if you don't like it you can go,' that's all."

"What do Mrs. Martin want to go for?" asked one. "I wouldn't care if my room was as good as 'ers."

"Oh, she don't want to go 'cause of 'er room. She won't get no better for the money she pays."

"Well, what's she goin' for, then?"

"She's afraid o' Tommy Stubbs, that's what she's goin' for," was the reply that came in different forms from two women at once.

"Afraid o' Tommy Stubbs!" returned the questioner. "Why I thought 'e was easier wi' 'er nor anybody."

"So he is, the scamp. He's 'ard enough with everybody else. There ain't a soul all along the row as 'e'll let get a week behind wi' rent, but 'e lets 'er pay anyhow, and she's pretty nigh a month behind. He wants 'er to get behind."

"What for?" asked the other woman incredulously.

"What for? Why, 'cause she's a poor widow," replied the other, with a sardonic laugh.

"Oh, ah!" sneered one of the gossips.

"There ain't no poor widows down the row, I s'pose. There ain't ole Mrs. Atkins, and 'e didn't turn out poor old Mrs. Tolly neck and crop into the street o' Tuesday mornin', 'cause she couldn't pay 'er week's rent o' Monday. But then they hadn't got two pretty gals o' their own."

The little group of slatternly women broke into a chorus of execration, and if Mr. Thomas Stubbs, the landlord, could have heard the free-and-easy comments on his moral status he could hardly have felt flattered, though he would probably not have been greatly concerned. Mr. Stubbs had little or no respect for public opinion, especially when that opinion expressed itself in the chatter of the women who occupied his one-room tenements in Radford Row.

In the midst of the indignant clamour of the group on the landing, a female form emerged from the gloom of the staircase below, and the discordant hubbub died down as a lady came quietly up among them. Clamour and discord among the people here generally did die down whenever Margaret Kronrath appeared. A rough working woman once rather shocked this lady's sense of reverence, by telling her she had always understood Christ's stilling of the storm at sea better since she saw her come out to a crowd of infuriated women and hush them into silence by merely looking round upon them.

"Good-afternoon, friends," said the lady, in a voice that came the sweeter and the softer from its contrast with the harsh, coarse voices that had died down at her approach. "Is Maria Martin in?"

"No, miss," said one of the group respectfully. "She's gone out a-huntin' for a room. We was jest a-talkin' about 'er."

And Margaret Kronrath listened as the women, recovering their voices, poured out upon her their indignant story of Mr. Thomas Stubbs's treacherous leniency to the widow Martin and his brutal harshness to everybody else.

"God help the poor!" cried one of the women bitterly. "What's the use o' their tryin' to be a bit decent and respectable? They can't neither live decent in their 'omes nor they can't get out of 'em."



## Rebellion in Radford Row

"But if Maria Martin is so much behind with her rent," said the lady, "how is it she is gone to look for another room? How will she manage to get out?"

"Goodness knows, miss," replied the woman addressed. "She told me if she could find another room she'd get out o' this if she 'ad to leave every stick behind 'er, she was that frightened o' Stubbs."

The sweet face of the Quaker lady hardened, and she stood silent for a moment with eyebrows slightly contracted and lips compressed.

"Tell Maria Martin I'll see her. Good-day, friends. Don't thee forget."

And the quiet, dignified figure went down again into the darkness, and the women dispersed to their rooms.

Ten minutes later one of them came and tried the widow's door, and, finding it unlocked, went in and discovered the poor woman seated on the edge of her meagre bed, silently weeping.

"Lawks! Mrs. Martin," she said, "we've all on us been a-talking about you," and

then, seeing the woman's weary and tearful face, she suddenly changed her tone. "Poor soul!" she exclaimed, "you be tired to death. I'll go and get 'e a cup o' tea. Don't you worrit, Mrs. Martin. Miss Kronrath ha' been 'ere, and she's comin' to see 'e. She told us to tell 'e so," and with that the kindly soul—one of the roughest of her class, a woman who had twice been in a London police-court for something in the nature of drunken brawling—hurried off to stir up her scanty fire, put her kettle on, and reach down the ounce of tea she chanced to have in stock.

"I s'pose you ain't found a room?" she asked, when she presently came back with a steaming cup of tea.

"No, that I ain't, Mrs. Jarvis," sadly replied the widow, as she took the tea with many expressions of gratitude. "I ha' lost my day's work, and I couldn't find no more than two anywhere, and one o' them was five shillings and the other six-and-six. It's something dreadful, and I ha' walked myself off my legs."



W. RAINES

SEATED ON THE EDGE OF HER MEAGRE BED, SILENTLY WEEPING

## Rebellion in Radford Row

"It is somit dreadful," agreed Mrs. Jarvis. "Things is gettin' wuss and wuss."

The two women sat and talked their troubles over till a dull thud came against the outside of the door, which the next instant bounced open before the vigorous thrust of a young woman bearing a huge bundle which, without a word, she threw upon the floor.

"Well, you might ha' got a bit o' fire, mother!" exclaimed the girl peevishly, as she looked round the dreary little den, into which the dusk of evening seemed to be creeping through the dingy window. The patient mother rose from her broken chair, and began to move towards the cupboard beside the fire-place.

"Yer mother been out a-lookin' for a room, and she's on'y jest come in, and she's tired to death," said Mrs. Jarvis, with a sharp touch of her habitual asperity.

"All right, mother, let it alone," said the daughter, in a contrite tone; "I'll do it."

"I expect you be tired yourself," said Mrs. Martin, taking out a small bundle of wood.

"Oh, that don't matter, mother. I can soon get rested again. But things is enough to make ye ill-tempered. I s'pose you ain't found a room?"

"No, that I ain't," sighed the mother. "What's 'appened to make 'e ill-tempered, Maggie?"

"Oh, happened! Everything happens as didn't ought to happen," replied the girl, as she viciously raked at the ashes in the grate. "Jones ain't paid for them things. He *will* have 'em altered. He says they ain't done right, and he's had the cheek to stop fourpence for another new book. It was threepence last time, and now it's fourpence."

"Fourpence for a book! My goodness! Why, you can get books jest like them for a penny apiece round at Morgan's."

"I know you can, and I told him so. I said it was nothing but a swindle, and he said if I didn't draw it mild he'd make it fivepence. And what could I say? It's no good my sayin' anything. They can do jest as they like with 'e, and you got to swaller it. Oh, lor! I wish I was better off. I'd let some of 'em know!"

"And you ain't got no money, then?"

"Yes I have. I got one-and-eight as oughter have been two shillings, if he hadn't stopped for the book. I got one-and-eight instead o' seven-and-six, that's what I gct."

"Then it's all up with rent again for Monday," sighed the widow.

"I s'pose so. It don't seem any good tryin'."

Mrs. Jarvis had gone by this time. The girl had set light to the fire and put up a candle in a broken candlestick. When she had lighted this also, and placed it on the table so that its feeble glimmer fell on her mother's face, she seemed smitten by its jaded and hopeless expression. The girl sat down and spoke more gently.

"Never mind, mother," she said. "Don't you worry. Things 'll come right somehow."

The poor woman sadly shook her head, and the tears again filled her eyes.

"I dunno, Maggie," she said, as she looked through her tears at the bright, spirited face of her daughter. "We be gettin' more and more into Stubbs's grip, and I can't 'elp thinking as he wants us to get."

"Oh, I'll manage him, mother. He'll wait if I ask him."

"That's jest it, that's jest it, Maggie," hastily responded the mother, with a look of something like terror in her eyes. "I'm afraid o' the man."

The daughter looked inquiringly into her mother's face as though she did not understand her. Only two short years ago she and her sister had come up to London, good, simple-hearted country girls, and good, simple-hearted girls they still remained. It is astonishing through how much that is corrupting and polluting native purity can move uncontaminated, if not altogether unsullied. Not a word had the anxious mother ever breathed to either of them of the dread that had taken possession of her, as she saw with motherly pride the growing prettiness of her daughters, observed the notice they attracted, found herself getting deeper and deeper into her landlord's power, and watched the man's growing familiarity.

The girl's face grew grave and indignant as her mother endeavoured to indicate rather than express the thought she hated. She sat silent and thoughtful for a few seconds, and then a close observer might have detected a flashing light of fierce anger blaze for an instant in her bright young face. It was as though an alarming idea had suddenly struck her for the first time.

"It ain't me as you need fidget about, mother," she said in a low voice, as she looked thoughtfully out before her. "I can

## Rebellion in Radford Row

take care o' myself. But there's Rose to think about. She's giddier nor me."

"Oh, he ain't seen much o' Rose," said Mrs. Martin in a tone of relief.

"I dunno that," said Maggie dubiously. "He met her the other day in the street, and got her to go round to his place to see his pigeons."

A look of almost frantic terror came into the face of the poor mother. "She never told me that," she whispered, with quivering lip. "'Ow dared she do that and never tell me?"

"She said she didn't want to go, but he almost made her, and she was afraid to offend him."

"Oh, Maggie! why *did* your poor father ever bring us to London? Oh, if we could only get back again!"

Mother and daughter sat for a few moments in silence and sadness; but even in rumination and grief the poor have little time for idle indulgence, and Maggie presently rose with a sigh and turned to the huge bundle of work she had failed to get accepted at the warehouse, and began wearily preparing to resume the sisyphæan task of rolling the great burden of her young life up the rugged steep of stern necessity.

Before she had fairly begun her work there was a rap at the door, and mother and daughter instinctively rose to their feet when, in response to their invitation to come in, the door opened and Margaret Kronrath came forward out of the darkness behind her with her usual quiet greeting.

Miss Kronrath was a member of the Society of Friends, of whom nobody knew much except that for the greater part of the year she dwelt in their midst, and devoted all her time to gentle ministrations among them. Like many of her society of late years, Margaret Kronrath wore no distinctive dress, and frequently dropped her Quaker phraseology. This, however, she seemed to do only by conscious effort. "Thee" and "thou" and "thy" had been the language of her childhood, and was mentally associated with all that was loving and happy in her early life, and whenever she forgot herself in any kindly act or word she instinctively lapsed into her Quaker dialect.

"I have come to talk with thee, Maria Martin, if thou wilt have me," she said, with the placid smile that had brought a sense of calm and rest to so many agitated hearts.

934

And she seated herself in the chair that Maggie had brought forward and wiped with her apron.

The two women sat one on each side the small table, with the yellow glimmer of the candle lighting up the two faces in striking contrast—the smooth, delicately-lined visage of the Quaker lady, with its expression of ineffable quietude and peace, and the rugged, wrinkled, commonplace face of the poor working woman, with its querulous unrest and its trace of tears. Great as was the contrast between them, however, there was one thing common to the two faces—the touch of sorrow, the mark of suffering which in the older face had deepened the lines into an expression of weary hopelessness, while in the other it had softened and refined, imparting a tenderness and sympathy that gave to the face of Margaret Kronrath a magnetic charm for all who were weary and heavy laden. The widow looked into the eyes of her visitor, and something like a gleam of peace came into her own face.

"I dunno who wouldn't 'ave 'e when they be in trouble, Miss Kronrath," she said.

"Tell me all about it," said the visitor. "Thou know'st I'll help thee if I can."

The three sat for nearly an hour discussing the difficulties of the situation, and the circumstances that had led up to it from that country life that looked to them now so happy and pleasant.

Over the little matter of the fourpenny account-book Margaret Kronrath pondered a good deal. The very pettiness of it seemed to chafe and vex her placid spirit more than far greater things could do.

"The man has no right to compel thee to buy his books with thy hard-earned money," she said. "I would gladly go with thee and tell him he is unjust and oppressive, and demand thy payment."

"No, no, that would never do, Margaret Kronrath," said Maggie, adopting the manner of speech she knew the Quakeress preferred. "He'd take the book back, but then he'd give me no more work. Where'd we be then?"

There seemed no answer to this, and the sturdy uprightness of the Quaker heart had sorrowfully to acquiesce in the necessity for submission to a petty and contemptible injustice.

"But," said the visitor, "with regard to other things, the case is totally different. I know thee'll not yield a hair's breadth to what is wrong, Maggie." She rose to go

## Rebellion in Radford Row

as she spoke. "Devices of bad men are all about thee, but thee must guard thy womanly honour and the purity of thy maiden name to death if need be. Ask Rose to come and take tea with me at five o'clock on First Day. I will talk with her."

She took the girl's hand, and kissed her affectionately.

"Thou hast a sweet, winning face of thy own. Keep thy smiles and thy coy glances for an honest lover. He may find thee sooner than thou thinkest."

"You'll stand by us, Margaret Kronrath?" pleaded the girl earnestly, holding the lady's hand and looking trustfully into her calm grey eyes.

"God 'll stand by thee, lassie. He always stands by those who try to do the right."

"Not always, Margaret Kronrath."

"Yes, yes. Thee'll find it so when thee hast lived as long as I have, and seen as much. Good-bye, Maggie, good-bye, Maria Martin."

And wrapping her cloak around her, the speaker went out into the bitter winter night, accompanied down the bleak staircase by the grateful Maggie bearing the flaring candle. The girl looked after her as she disappeared into the gloom, little thinking where she had made up her mind to go.

The next day but one was "First Day," and Rose Martin, in accordance with the invitation conveyed to her, took tea with the Quaker lady, and an hour and a half later was given to understand in the plainest possible Quaker English that she must then go home. And she went accordingly, feeling, as everybody felt after a quiet chat with Margaret Kronrath, the stronger and the better for it.

Half-an-hour later a demure little maiden brought in to her Quaker mistress the name of Roland Falconer.

"Bring him in, Myra," said the mistress, and she wheeled round an arm-chair on one side the fire-place, and seated herself on the other, the very picture of simple and dignified womanhood. She wore a black silk dress of plain fashion, without ornament of any kind, and relieved only by a grey woollen shawl drawn loosely round her shoulders, and some little arrangement of white lace at the throat.

Roland Falconer came in, a rather rugged, but stalwart, manly-looking young fellow of



ACCOMPANIED DOWN THE BLEAK STAIRCASE BY  
THE GRATEFUL MAGGIE

some five-and-twenty, apparently some sort of a mechanic in his best clothes. It was to find him that Margaret Kronrath had set out when she had parted from Maggie Martin at the foot of the staircase. She had found the house he lived in, but he was not at home. She had therefore left a pencilled note asking him to come and see her at seven o'clock on Sunday evening, and here he was, looking inquisitively down from under a well-shaped forehead and a pair of puckered eyebrows, indicating considerable shrewdness and intelligence, upon the quiet, self-possessed figure in the easy-chair opposite. It was impossible to look upon that figure, and to listen to the silvery gentleness of the voice, without trust and respect.

"Sit down, Mr. Falconer," said the lady;



## Rebellion in Radford Row

"I want to talk with you on a matter in which you may be interested."

As she spoke, she closely scrutinised the young man, and she appeared to be very well pleased with what she saw.

"You are not a married man, I think, Mr. Falconer?" asked the lady.

"No, ma'am," replied the young fellow, looking as though he wondered what in the world was coming next.

"And you are not engaged?"

Roland Falconer looked at the quiet figure in the chair in undisguised astonishment; but there was a scintillation of humour in the shrewd face, indicating that the lady was fully conscious of the oddity of her questions, and he answered simply "No." After a slight pause and a pensive look into the fire, he added, "I was once, though."

"Did you ever know Maggie Martin?" inquired the lady, narrowly watching the young man's face to see the effect of her abrupt question.

"I did, ma'am. It was her I was engaged to," and Falconer's face told very plainly how keenly he felt this mysterious allusion to the past.

"And like two foolish young people you fell out."

"'Twas none o' my foolishness, ma'am," said Falconer, wincing at this recollection of a painful experience.

"Thou art wrong, Roland Falconer," said Margaret Kronrath, lapsing into her Quaker dialect, which was not at all surprising to the young man, for he had known a little of the Friends, and his first impression of her had recalled them to his mind. "I know Maggie Martin well, and I assure thee it was all thy foolish mistake."

The keenly interested glance her visitor shot at her convinced Margaret Kronrath that the young fellow would fain believe her if he could.

"Wouldn't thee like to make it up, friend? She is a good lass and pretty, and she loves thee still, and she is in trouble."

The good woman was too sincere and simple-hearted to be very diplomatic in her advocacy, or perhaps she would have made no mention of trouble just at that point.

"I had trouble enough when she broke it off between us," said Falconer, rather resentfully, "and she didn't mind that; now I s'pose she wants to make it up because she's in trouble herself."

"That's ungenerous of thee, friend," said Miss Kronrath. "She knows nothing about thee. She thinks thou art still down in the old place, far away, and hast forgotten all about her."

The young man looked intensely interested, but was evidently puzzled. "Then how did you come to know about me, ma'am?" he asked.

"I have long known about thee, but it was only a short time ago I came accidentally to know that thou wert the Roland Falconer I had heard of. They know nothing about thee, friend, and know nothing of what I am doing now. Thou wilt believe me, lad, wilt thee not?"

Falconer looked straight at her, and answered her smile with his own.

"I don't see how anybody could help it, ma'am," he said, with simple candour.

"Well then, listen to me and I will tell thee all." And she told him the simple story of the death of the father, and the desperate struggle for existence that the two girls and the mother had bravely made, and of the trouble they were now in. The young fellow's face vividly reflected the feelings the pathetic story kindled within him as he sat and listened.

"I see, Roland Falconer," said Margaret Kronrath, "that thou hast a kindly heart, and thou wilt none the less play the man because they are poorer than they were."

"Not I, ma'am," said Roland.

"No, I believe thou wilt not. I like thee, Roland Falconer," and the gentle Quakeress went on to tell how the Martins had gone—as so many thousands of others are always doing in London—into a "slum" neighbourhood, hoping it would be only for a very short time, but had never been able to shift.

"I know very well how 'tis," said Roland. "People can't pick their lodgings. There's no choosing. They has to get in just where they can. I've seen things I never would ha' believed when I was down in the country. I've often wished I had never come into London, though I've done very well, and as a young single man, of course, I haven't had the trouble that others have. But you said they was in some sort o' danger, ma'am. What is it?"

As delicately as she could, Margaret Kronrath did but hint at the nature of the peril the mother felt that her girls were in, but she immediately began to think it would have been better to have said nothing



## Rebellion in Radford Row

about it. Young Falconer rose from his chair, and stalked excitedly to and fro across the little room.

"I'll break every bone in the scoundrel's body," he exclaimed, in his indignation forgetting the presence of the lady.

"Control thyself, Roland Falconer," she said softly. "Thee mustn't talk of violence. And besides, Mrs. Martin may be misjudging the man. So far he hath done them nothing but kindness. God alone knoweth the heart and the purpose."

Roland Falconer grimly shook his head. He had no faith in such kindness.

"When rich rascals tries to get people like them into their clutches, you don't want to know much about their hearts," he said.

"Well, thee hadst better make it up with thy sweetheart," concluded Margaret Kronrath, as she rose from her chair, "and then thee can take care of them, and I hope thee'll be too happy to think of breaking bones."

\* \* \* \* \*

A little later that Sunday evening the mother and her two daughters sat in very despondent mood over their smouldering fire in Radford Row, sorrowfully pondering on accumulated arrears of rent, the uncertainty of employment, and the general difficulty of life in the great world of London.

"Nothing ain't gone right with us since we left Batsford," said Maggie, tipping back her chair and clasping her hands round one knee, "and it looks as though they never would go right again."

Maggie had her own private burden of anxiety that evening. She could not help feeling that she had done a rash and dangerous thing, and she thought of rent-day on the morrow with the greatest uneasiness.

The fact was that on the previous morning—the Saturday morning following the conversation with her mother and Margaret Kronrath on the Friday night, that is—she had chanced to meet the landlord in the street, and he had stopped her to talk with her. The girl was in no very amiable mood towards him, though, of course, very well aware of the expediency of being civil to him, and if the man had confined his remarks to herself she probably would have been civil. As ill-fortune would have it, however, he made some joking allusion to her sister Rose. It really amounted to nothing more than the vulgar pleasantry

of a coarse-minded man, and need not seriously have disturbed her. But all Maggie's pugnacity had been aroused on behalf of her younger sister by the suspicion suggested the night before, and she instantly resented it. The upshot of her meeting with Mr. Thomas Stubbs was that that worthy went off mortally offended and fuming with resentment. How deeply she had offended him, Maggie did not know, but she was conscious that she had blurted out more than was really called for by anything the man had said. Under their difficult family circumstances she saw that she had made a tactical blunder, and she could not help feeling very uneasy at the thought of what might happen in the morning.

The mother silently shook her head at her daughter's doleful prognostications, and tried to stir the dismal fire into some show of cheerfulness. Rose looked querulous, and fidgeted irritably on her chair. She complained of her sister's despondent way of looking at things.

"What's the use of thinking things are never goin' to mend?" she asked peevishly. She had come home from her brief entertainment at Margaret Kronrath's, and was feeling more serious than was her wont. Moreover, the girl was depressed by the contrast between their own dreary room and the comfortable and tastefully furnished sitting-room in which she had taken tea, and her sister's lugubrious remarks rather provokingly confirmed the feelings she was struggling to overcome. "When things is at the worst they always begin to mend," she remarked sententiously, though not very confidently.

They sat in silence for a few minutes, and then there was heard on the stairs a heavy footstep as of somebody groping their way up in the dark. They hardly noticed it till the footsteps halted at their own door and a smart rap was given.

"Come in," cried Rose, and the door was opened and Roland Falconer's tall form and broad shoulders filled the doorway. There was a pause of speechless astonishment, and Roland was the first to speak.

"Maggie," he said, with a direct simplicity that was eloquent in itself, "I've come to see if you'll make it up."

The girl had risen from her seat and had turned deathly pale for an instant, but the voice of her lost lover brought back a

## Rebellion in Radford Row

sudden flush of colour to her cheeks. She bounded towards him, and was clasped in his arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

Monday morning came in the usual course of things, and if the landlord had done the same he would have been on the staircase in Radford Row about twelve o'clock. Instead of that he came at half-past ten, and he bounced into the Martins' room in a manner that struck terror into the poor woman and even dismayed Maggie, though she had risen that morning with a very light heart.

"Now, Mrs. Martin, let's 'ave your rent,"



SHE BOUNDED TOWARDS HIM, AND  
WAS CLASPED IN HIS ARMS

said Mr. Thomas Stubbs, laying down his book on the table with a show of deliberate composure, though he was evidently all a-shake with vicious ill-temper and excitement.

"Mr. Stubbs," said Maggie, stepping forward, a little pale but very composed, and trying to remember what Margaret Kronrath had sometimes told her about a "soft answer," "I said more than I meant to say on Saturday, but I was vexed and spoke without thinkin'. I'm sorry I did."

"Where's the rent?" asked Mr. Stubbs, with dogged disregard of her remarks.

"You shall 'ave the rent before the day's

out, Mr. Stubbs," said Maggie, standing before him a lithe and pretty figure, straight as an arrow and bright as a falcon. "You've come too early."

"Yes, I very often comes too early," said the landlord. "I must 'ave it now. Are you a-goin' to pay or ain't you? That's the question. People as can't pay their rent should keep a civil tongue in their 'eads."

"You shall 'ave it to-day, Mr. Stubbs. I'll bring it round, I'll promise you."

"Oh, you better not do that," sneered the landlord, "you might get 'urt y' know, if you comes round to my place. Better pay it now and ha' done with it."

"We can't pay it now, but we will pay before the day's over," repeated the girl.

Mr. Stubbs made no further reply, but went to the door and whistled down the staircase.

"Clear out this room and put a padlock on the door," he said to the man who came lumbering up in answer to the call, with a small basket of tools over his shoulder.

"Mr. Stubbs," said Maggie, now pale to the lips with indignation, "if you touches a stick or a straw in this room it'll be the worse for you. There ain't no man a-comin' in 'ere," and she planted herself resolutely in the doorway.

By this time a ferment was rapidly brewing outside. Stubbs's unusually early appearance with a man at his heels indicated some mischief afoot, and from the staircases all down the Row, and from houses opposite, bare-armed, unbonneted women came trooping out to see what it was. In less than five minutes the stairway was choked with vociferous mothers and muscular maidens, among whom a brief summary of the situation ran almost with the rapidity of electricity. "Tommy Stubbs" had insulted Maggie Martin, and she had "cheeked" him, and now he was turning out the poor old woman. Thus ran the rumour. Indignation was intense, and

## Rebellion in Radford Row

excitement rose fast. "Tommy" did not like the look of things. The women who were on the landing outside the room, and therefore under his dangerous eye, were sullenly quiet; but all down the broad stairs where he could not see them, and where there were many who were not his tenants, opinions were freely hurled up at him, and there were hints at lynching and pitching over the banisters. The man outside the door looked particularly uncomfortable with an angry mob behind him, and the flaming eyes of the pretty but dangerous-looking damsel in front. The turning out of the furniture was clearly going to be no easy business, and Mr. Thomas Stubbs, like most bullies, not being much of a hero in the face of opposition, altered his course.

"Take that door off, Jackson," he said to his man.

This could be done without getting into the room, and, as Maggie did not see any way to prevent it, without actually grappling with the man, in a couple of minutes the screws were out of the hinges and the door was laid low.

"Now come in and take this window out," said Stubbs, and he walked across the room, and himself threw open the window, which, like the door, hung on hinges, and when thrown back let in a hurricane of wind and wet sleet. The decent working-man whom Stubbs had brought, evidently had little heart in his job, and while he was making very feeble efforts to get past the opposing Maggie, there was a fresh commotion and a general cry of satisfaction as Margaret Kronrath appeared at the doorway below. A way was speedily made for her through the crowd, and she came up as calmly and quietly as she had done on the previous Friday evening.

"How is this, Maggie?" she whispered, and the girl hurriedly explained.

"Mr. Stubbs," she said, moving into the room, "you have no right to act in this way."

"You mind your own business, ma'am, and I'll mind mine," said Stubbs, in a tone of brutal rudeness.

"It is not your business to treat honest people in this cruel manner," said the Quaker lady. "Have you no conscience? Aren't you afraid to act in this way?"

"P'raps you'll pay the rent for 'em, ma'am," sneered Stubbs.

"Yes, I'll pay the rent if you'll give Mrs.

Martin a proper notice, and leave her room."

"It ain't 'er room. It's my room, and you're trespassin'," said Stubbs. "I can put ye out in the street if I like. I shan't give no notice. I'll 'ave 'er out now."

The vulgar insolence of the man's manner and the dogged set of his jaw hardly looked hopeful for Miss Kronrath's intervention. Mr. Thomas Stubbs was of a type particularly discouraging to those who would fain rely on moral forces only. There seems little or nothing in such people upon which moral forces can be brought to play. The landlord's next controversialist was much better adapted to what seemed to be his requirements. There was another stir on the staircase, and a strong, masterful figure came thrusting a way up to the landing, and in another moment Roland Falconer stood looking squarely into the face of the bumptious Stubbs.

"What's all this about?" demanded Falconer composedly.

"Who are you?" returned the landlord with contemptuous insolence, as he eyed the young working-man from head to foot.

"Well, I'll tell you who I am. I am one who'll throw you down-stairs if you don't drop this business and clear out," said Roland, taking the hand of Maggie, who, with the light of triumph in her eyes, had moved to his side the instant he appeared.

This threat of violence was, of course, gravely opposed to all the Quaker lady's principles. But there is a deal of human nature even in the Friends, and for the life of her the good woman could not resist a feeling of exultant pleasure, and she looked at the young man with grateful admiration in her eyes.

"I s'pose you know there's law and treadmills for ruffians like you," said Stubbs.

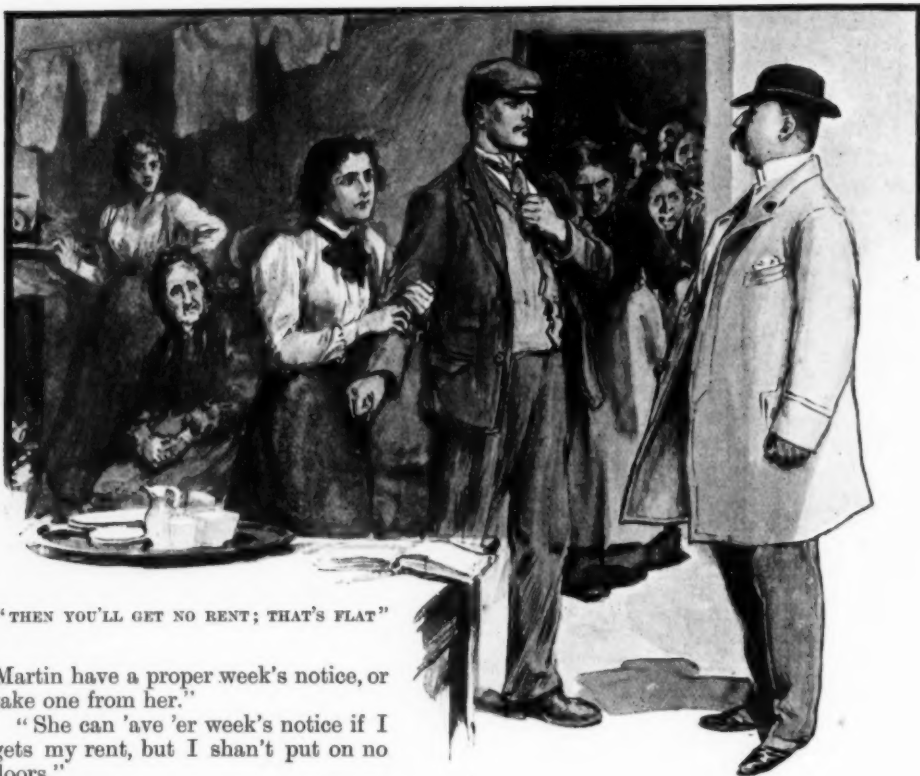
"Law! you're a pretty fellow to talk about law! Where's the law for what you're doing now? There's law for Mrs. Martin as well as you, my fine fellow, and so you'll find."

The sturdy bearing of the young man evidently rather cowed the landlord.

"She can 'ave as much law as you like," he said, "if I can on'y get my rent. I only wants my rent. I s'pose there's law for that."

"Oh, you shall 'ave your rent when you've put on that door again, and let Mrs.

## Rebellion in Radford Row



"THEN YOU'LL GET NO RENT; THAT'S FLAT"

Martin have a proper week's notice, or take one from her."

"She can 'ave 'er week's notice if I gets my rent, but I shan't put on no doors."

"Then you'll get no rent; that's flat."

This spirited dialogue could be heard all down the staircase. There were shrieks of delight at this uncompromising attitude of Mrs. Martin's champion, though they were all sorely puzzled to know who he could be. "Stick to 'im, young 'un," cried one woman. "Give 'im beans!" screamed another. "You're a daisy! you are. Give it 'im 'ot," and other expressions of popular exultation over the discomfiture of the harshest landlord for a mile round came in a chorus from the excited people. Even the women on the landing were caught in the whirlwind of feeling, and jeered "Tommy" to his face.

The humiliated landlord moved towards the door as though he would have left the place, as he did not seem likely to get his money and could not proceed with his eviction. But at his appearance the uproar was redoubled, and out of the hurly-burly down in the dark came two or three virago voices, vicious and menacing: "Lynch 'im! Pitch 'im over the banisters! The raskil! It's time 'e was tackled!"

940

Stubbs was fairly cowed. There was clearly no safe passage down that staircase, and Roland Falconer was looking threatening and impatient, and likely any moment to pitch him out among his neighbours and tenants. There was nothing for it but to give way.

"If the man puts on the door, you'll 'ave to pay 'im," he growled sullenly.

"I didn't pay 'im to take it off, and I ain't a-goin' to pay him to put it on," said Falconer.

There was further haggling, but the issue was no longer in doubt. In the end the door was put on; Falconer paid the rent due and a week in advance; took a receipt on behalf of Mrs. Martin, and gave a week's notice.

"Very well, Mr. Thomas Stubbs," said Falconer, as he handed over the receipt to Maggie, "now the business is settled. You've nothing to do with the tenants here till this day week, and then they'll get out. Take care you don't interfere with 'em any way. If you do, I'll make ye remember it."

## Rebellion in Radford Row

Mr. Stubbs had no spirit left for a reply, for he felt that he was not yet out of his troubles. That staircase was still densely packed.

"Ow d'ye think I'm goin' to get out o' this?" he growled, as the time came to be going.

"Now thou hast done justly, I'll try and help thee, friend," said Margaret Kronrath, and she stepped out on to the landing with a face unusually animated. "Friends," she said, and in the deep hush of the people, her silvery voice could be heard right down in the street, "Thomas Stubbs hath now done justly and wisely by Maria Martin, and the business being now settled he would fain go home."

There was a jeering laugh at this naïve announcement, and there was another when somebody called from the bottom of the staircase-well to inquire if Stubbs were coming for his rents.

"Art thou coming for thy rents, friend?" asked Margaret, turning to the crestfallen landlord with something like a twinkle of merriment in her eyes.

"No," savagely grunted Stubbs.

"No," echoed the lady from the landing. "He hath done all the rent collecting he desireth this day. He will call upon thee at a more convenient season."

There was another hearty laugh at this quaint little speech, and the people having thus recovered their good-humour, Margaret Kronrath had no difficulty in persuading them to disperse.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"And now, Maggie," said Roland Falconer, when once more the door was shut, and Mrs. Martin and Rose were busy in tidying up the disordered room, "I've got something to tell you."

What it was he had to tell, unfortunately for our story, never transpired. But it was evidently something the telling of which required them to get very close together, and subsequent events afforded some reason to believe that it must have had reference to arrangements for getting married, and for the speedy return of all the little party to the pleasant old village of Batsford.

G. F. MILLIN.

## The Evening Hour

SWEET time of peace, when the swallows  
fly  
To home and rest 'neath the quiet  
eaves;  
When crimson bars are across the sky,  
And shadows lengthen behind the  
sheaves.

When willows dip in a golden pool,  
And the dark-massed elms are soft and  
blurred;  
When sun-parched meadows grow damp and  
cool,  
And distant cries of the night are heard.

Then darkness broods in the dusky lanes  
Where the pale-winged moths flit to and  
fro;

While over the western hill remains  
The tender light of the after-glow.

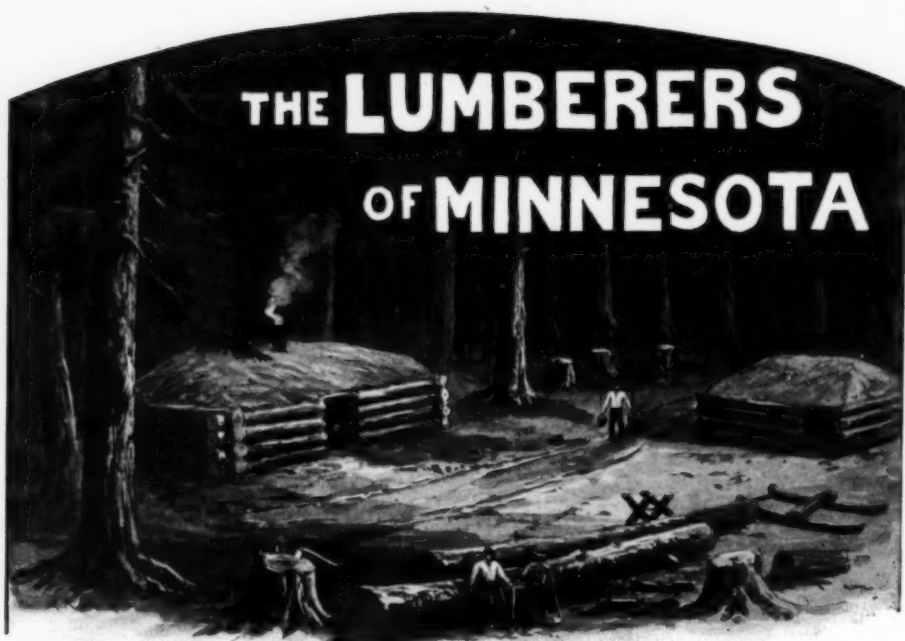
Shine, Evening Star! for the hour is thine,  
Shy rival thou to the setting sun;  
First-born of Night with thy charm divine,  
Shed out thy light, for the day is done.

Steal forth from thy poppy-fields, O Sleep!  
The earth grows weary and fain would  
rest;  
Touch her tired eyes with thy lips, and keep  
Her head soft pillowed upon thy breast.

Come, gentle Night, o'er the misty wold!  
With silver garments thyself adorn;  
And bring, safe hid in thy mantle's fold,  
The golden key to the gates of Morn.

ANNIE L. KNOWLES.





I F you will look at the map of the United States you will find at the western end of Lake Superior the State of Minnesota. An imaginary line drawn from St. Vincent, at the north west corner of the State, to St. Paul, halfway down its eastern boundary (these saints are a heritage from the old French "voyageurs"), divides the State into two irregular and unequal triangles.

The larger and southerly triangle is the wheat or prairie region, and the smaller and northerly is the pine region of Minnesota.

Now let me take you on the wings of imagination with me to this part of the country.

The Northern Pacific Railway runs through a dozen or more small towns or villages that form the base of supply for the Lumber Companies. The word "lumber" comprehends all kinds of boards, deals, and timber; and the work of getting these to the market is termed "lumbering." The month of October is a busy season in these lumbering towns, for it is in this month that the camp builders—the advance-guard of the winter's army—start out for the

woods. Waggon's are being loaded in every street with sundry barrels of pork, sacks of flour, kegs of syrup, boxes of tea, bags of coffee and dried fruits, besides stoves, axes and other tools. Small groups of men assemble round each waggon; their dress is picturesque, but not such as is seen in England. Not one of the half-dozen wears coat or waistcoat. Trousers are held up with a scarlet sash, the tassels of which hang down over the left hip. Over-shirts of the heaviest flannel or "mackinaw" are worn; bright colours—blue or scarlet—are much in favour. Every over-shirt has a turn-down collar, an embroidered bosom, and is furnished with a breast-pocket; close-fitting cloth caps, or now and then a "toque," complete the costume. Now the team of five yoke of oxen comes slowly swinging out of the stable-yard, and is "hitched" to the waggon. The driver, or "teamster" as he is called, comes from the old "Pine-tree State." I don't know why he should have been born in Maine, but it is almost always the case. It is truly wonderful to see the perfect control that our "teamster" has over his oxen. No king was ever more implicitly obeyed.

## The Lumberers of Minnesota

His sceptre is an ash-stick some four feet long with a sharp "brad" in the end; this he always carries although he seldom uses it, ruling by the word of his mouth. To start, to stop, to "gee," to "haw," to "come under" the yoke or even to kneel, requires but a single word accompanied with a movement of the "gad," as the rod is called. An experienced woodsman is in command of each party—a native-born American, long, lank, and weather-beaten, but with a pleasant twinkle in his piercing eyes and an occasional smile on the firm lips half-hidden by the grizzly moustache.

Quick to think and quick to act, unrivalled in wood-craft, these men are the guides and captains of the crews. Whether the sun may shine or not, they can pilot their charges without compass or map straight to their destination through the wilderness. To your eyes or mine the woods are trackless; to their experienced vision there is a mariner's compass in the moss on the tree-trunks; the spruce tops are their finger-posts, and the marshes and oak-ridges their maps.

The word to start is given, the long line of oxen straightens out, the ponderous wheels grind the gravel beneath them, the men swing their "turkeys" (bundles of clothing) across their backs, and the journey begins.

I dare say your first thought is one of surprise at the number of oxen ahead of the waggon, which rolls along so easily on the turnpike-road, but before we camp to-night you will cease to wonder. A trip into the woods just now is indeed enjoyable. The air, warm in the middle of the day, though frosty at night, is sweet with the scent of the pines; those pests the mosquitoes have taken their departure; a light haze, ever present during the "Indian summer," softens the lights and shadows. The bare silvery poplar branches make lacework against the blue sky, and the tan-coloured beech and crimson oak leaves blaze like banners on the hill-sides.

For some miles our road takes us past well-tilled farms with their wooden houses and neat barns; but soon these are left behind, and we pass through groves of jack-pine and balsam, with thickets of red-oak on the top of the ridges. We have left the smooth and well-travelled high road behind us now, and have but the merest track to follow. We have a hearty laugh at the woodsman's story of how he once got lost. He says: "I started off on a good high road, but by-

and-by found myself on a by-road. The by-road led me on to a waggon-track; the waggon-track ended in a deer-track; I followed this for some distance and it turned into a rabbit-track; the rabbit-track turned into a squirrel-track, and that led me up a tree." I have since found, to my cost, that there is a great deal of truth underlying the story and not much to laugh at. Night now settles down and finds us about twenty miles on our journey. The oxen are unyoked and fed, the leader of each team being tied to a tree, while the others roam at large, there being no fear of losing any of them, for they will not leave their captive mate. Fires are quickly kindled, coffee is boiled, pork spits and fizzes in the frying-pan, and soon all hands are hard at work "getting outside" of their supper. Pork and beans, bread and butter disappear like magic, while draughts of black coffee go down sweetly between bites. After supper, blankets and pipes are brought into use and soon all is still, while "sentinel stars set their watch in the sky," to shine down through the dark pine boughs on the sleeping forms of the travellers.

Just before break of day breakfast is eaten, teams watered and yoked up, and they start again on their way. Thus day after day they travel on through the "forest primeval"—over roots and fallen trees, beneath boughs of pine and balsam, between tall straight living pillars, across rivers nameless and unbridged, over marshes that quake and heave as the foot steps on their surface, through bogs that seem bottomless and have to be thickly strewn with spruce boughs to make them passable; but nothing stops them, no difficulty daunts them.

### II

At last the "out-fit," as our party is called, reaches its destination—viz. the parcel of ground on which stand the pines that belong to the Lumber Company. The land belongs to the State; every year certain portions of it come into market, and the pine timber upon it is sold as it stands, by public auction, to the highest bidder. Now let us leave our party to their work of building the "camp" and return by the way we came to civilisation, promising to come back to the camp in a month or two, after "snow flies"—i.e. when there is sledding. Once again we pass along the "trail" to the lumber "camp;" this time

## The Lumberers of Minnesota

much more easily and quickly than on our former journey. The bogs and marshes are frozen hard enough to bear a horse, and a heavy snow has kindly smoothed over the roughness of the road by filling all the ruts and hollows.

The "camp" looks very different now; one can hardly believe it is the same place. Two months ago there were two solitary waggons by a little stream. Now a regular village of low log-buildings stands before us. Those two largest ones are the cook's and men's shanties respectively. What huge logs lie in those walls, forty feet long and seven feet high, and yet only two logs in each wall! Heavy rafters, with poles laid across them, support a roof of spruce boughs, earth, and sod, which when it is frozen makes a water-tight and frost-proof covering. Round these two large buildings are clustered smaller ones that are stables, workshops, and storehouses.

It is already dark, so let us go to the cook's shanty at once and get some supper. No one thinks of knocking at the door of a "camp," so let us pull the string that hangs from that hole and thus raise the wooden latch (nearly everything is of wood here).

As the door swings open a cloud of steam rushes out, nearly blinding us, for the room is "hot enough to roast eggs," as the cook will tell you. No one will complain on that score, for long hours in the frosty air give one such shivers up and down the back that a moderate amount of cooking is very agreeable. Caps and mittens being laid aside, a bench is pulled up to one of the long tables, clothless, but spotless also, and we are invited to eat. A substantial meal awaits us. There is steaming hot pork-and-beans, green tea fairly boiling in the tin "dishes" (bowls) in which it is served, fresh white bread and butter. A great dish of apple sauce, hot biscuits, cake, fry-cakes, cookies, pies (apple and raisin), and a pitcher of golden syrup—a tempting meal for a hungry man, although the plates and dishes are all of tin and the knives and forks of the commonest.

After supper (there are three meals in the woods—breakfast, lunch, and supper) we go into the men's shanty. That double tier of shelves that lines the walls is divided into bunks, each about three feet wide; one bunk is assigned to each man on his arrival at the camp, and becomes his castle as long as he remains. In it he

sleeps at night, in it he lounges on Sunday, and in it he keeps his stock of clothes. His wardrobe is not an extensive one; a change of under-clothes and some pairs of spare socks and mittens will "fill the bill."

The centre of the room is occupied by the stove, which is a huge cylinder of iron, and is kept chock full of dry pine wood. The heat it throws out is tremendous, and the glow that its red-hot sides emit makes the solitary lamp burn yellow and dim in comparison. The stove-pipe goes straight through the roof and sends forth a long trail of sparks that fly merrily away down the wind.

That bench nailed to the lower bunks and surrounding the square of rough-hewn floor is called the "deacon's seat," the name originating, I suppose, in New England "camps," where the seat reminded the men of that round the "table pew" in the old-fashioned Congregational churches of that land. Here the men sit, dry their clothes, mend their mittens, swap yarns, and smoke their pipes. Empty bunks are shown to us, which we are told we may use, and new blankets handed to us from the store-room. Then, with a good bundle of fresh hay for a mattress, we prepare for bed. We undress, if taking off boots or moccasins, getting on dry socks, and making pillows of our coats can be called undressing, and "turn in." Most of the men sleep with their heads to the outer wall and their feet to the fire; you will do so too if you don't want your brains to be fried by the heat of the stove.

Little by little the laughter and joking cease, the cloud of tobacco-smoke vanishes except where some inveterate smoker has turned in pipe in mouth. The fire roars on, an occasional snore rises on the air, and the men sleep as only those who work hard can sleep. Our eyes seem scarcely to have closed when they have to open again; our dreams being rudely interrupted by the foreman's morning call to the men—"Roll out, roll out!" Five o'clock does seem pretty early on a December morning! But such is fate. Socks and moccasins are pulled on and coats scrambled into, a hasty wash with ice-cold water in a tin basin on the deacon's seat, or soft snow rubbed on to the face and hands till it melts, and we troop into the cook's shanty for breakfast. There is a legend to the effect that a "green-horn" on rising from his first breakfast at the "lumber-camp" exclaimed, "This suits me to a T; two suppers in one night, and

## The Lumberers of Minnesota

hurrah for bed again!" The poor chap's feelings when he found out his mistake can be imagined. Breakfast is like the supper of last night, only there is coffee instead of tea; everyone drinking it hot, strong, sweet and *black*, for there is no milk to be had.

We have a "green" "cookee" (as the waiter is called). What fun the men are having at his expense, asking for all kinds of dishes that are never seen in the woods! Then some one calls for coffee. Up jumps "cookee," and a dozen dishes are waved at him, while a dozen voices cry "Coffee! Coffee! and look alive about it!" The day will soon come when such things will cease to trouble him. He has a hard life of it. He is the first up in the morning, for he has to start the fires; and the last in bed at night, for he has to fill up the stove in the men's shanty. His duties are to wait at table, wash dishes, help the cook, draw all the water and cut the wood, to keep two stoves going; and, besides all this, he has to carry lunch to each of the forty or fifty men, going from place to place, wherever they may happen to be at work.

I dare say he is comforting himself with the prospect of ending the two or three years of this hard apprenticeship by becoming cook with a salary of \$60 per month. Breakfast over, the men go off into the darkness to work, for as soon as it is light they begin, and they have often some distance to go to the scene of their labour.

### III

THE foreman, having a little time to spare, offers to show us round the camp, and we are glad to accept his guidance. Here are the stables, in which twenty horses and several yoke of oxen are kept. They are empty now, and the "stable-boss" is cleaning up. This man keeps the stable in order, feeds all the teams, and looks after any animals that may be in "hospital." His is the easiest berth of all; for though he has to get up before every one except the "cookee," and has to "fly round" until after breakfast, he has a good deal of spare time in the middle of the day.

Next we come to the blacksmith's shop. The fire has just been lighted, and the smith is preparing to shoe an ox by putting him into the "stanchions." The stanchions look like gigantic capital Ps. The bow of the P is passed round the body

of the ox, and the ends of it pushed through the holes in the upright post and keyed into place. Then the foot to be shod is tied in position with a piece of rope, then Mr. Ox may kick, and thresh, and twist, but all in vain. Leaving him to the tender mercies of the smith, we pass on to the next building, in front of which stands a broken sled. Entering, we find the "handy man," who is hard at work shaving down an axe-helve. His department is the wood-work of the camp, and he is expected to be able to make or mend any wooden article that may be called for, from a whip-stock to a logging-sled. Then we visit the storehouses, where clothing, harness, iron, tools, and food for man and beast are kept.

The foreman now has to hurry off to the woods, leaving us to follow at our leisure.

That foreman is an uncrowned king. No one thinks of touching the cap to him, or of putting a handle to his name. Men call him to his face by his Christian name (or "given" name, as they say in the West). Often he goes by a nick-name (I knew one foreman who was always called "*tête grise*"). Notwithstanding this familiarity, his word is law, and from his decision there is no appeal. He gives to each man his particular job, keeps him at it, sends him to something else, or discharges him at pleasure. He says to one man, "You shall have \$40," and to another, "You shall have \$12 a month," and no one growls.

In spite of this unlimited authority, I have never, during a long stay in Minnesota, heard of a solitary instance of its abuse. The whole responsibility of the camp, the welfare of the men and the beasts, and the profits of the company, rest on the foreman's shoulders, and I have never heard of one that betrayed his trust. Next to the foreman, the cook is the best paid and most important man in the camp. His berth is no sinecure. The bill of fare is an extensive one, and the baking of fresh bread every day for forty or fifty men is no joke. Besides, the American lumberman is very particular about his "victuals." Loud will be the growls and great the "kicking" if the baked beans are not seasoned properly or the pies are not spiced enough; while a dirty plate, or a greasy knife on the table, or a piece of moss or bark in the apple sauce will bring down a storm of abuse on the poor cook's unlucky head. And if the bread be heavy, or



## The Lumberers of Minnesota

turned sour—there will be a new cook “so quick it makes your head swim.”

Notice this road that is leading us away into the woods. The track in which the horses walk is rough, being cut up by the long-corked shoes that are always used in winter, but outside of this, quite ten feet apart, the sled-tracks are as smooth as glass. To keep them in this condition they are sprinkled with water when the last load has gone by at night, and every speck of snow is swept out of them in the morning ahead of the first team. A number of men called “swampers” spend the whole of their time in making and maintaining the roads.

“A very crooked road,” did you say? That is to avoid the hills. Why, it pays to go half a mile out of the way to avoid the most gradual ascent, and if a descent is unavoidable it is carefully *sanded*. The main road to the river is on the frozen surface of a “creek,” and is a dead level all the way. At the “dump,” or unloading place, the logs are rolled off the sleds and lie scattered on the river-banks or on the ice to await the spring freshet, which will float them down to the saw-mills, where they are cut up for the market.

Here comes a load now. Those four horses never started it alone! A yoke of oxen gave them a lift, by pulling on the hind sled in the same way that our railway men start a goods truck with their horses. If the teamster should have to stop before he gets to the river, he will have to roll off half his load before he can go on again. A load of nineteen logs from twelve to eighteen feet long and averaging two feet in diameter is a tremendous weight, and looks very imposing as it glides slowly and smoothly along.

Do not suppose that those logs were piled up in that fashion by hand. By-and-by we will go to the “cross-haul,” or loading place, and you shall see how a yoke of oxen by means of a long chain fastened to the sled and then passed round a log roll it up into its place. Two men stand on the sled to catch and stop the log as it comes rolling along. They use for this purpose handspikes, to each of which is fastened with a hinge a large steel hook; this swings in a semicircle and hooks on to the log, no matter what its size. The handspike is called a “peevee.”

This work of loading is very dangerous, because a slip of the foot, or the slightest miscalculation of distance or of the speed

of the rolling log, or a step too many taken by the oxen, means a jump for life—with the alternative of being crushed beneath the log.

The sound of the axe ringing through the woods guides us to the place where the felling of trees is going on. We are just in time to see the whole operation, and it will not delay us very long either. See that white axe-mark on that large tree? The “culler” made that “blaze.” It is his business to go through the woods and mark the trees that are to be cut down. So practised is his eye that by a passing glance he can tell if a tree will pay to fell or not, and very rarely does he blaze an unsound or “dozy stick.” Two men step up to the fated tree and quickly remove the scanty undergrowth, which never grows thickly in the pine-woods. Then mittens and caps are tossed aside, the axes are rubbed with pieces of oilstone, and the men are ready. It is amusing to see how careful the axeman is of his axe. It is his pet—his pride. Every night it is carefully ground and whetted, then the helve is scraped and sandpapered, and perhaps oiled, and when all is done the axe is carefully laid away; indeed, some men put it beneath their pillows lest it should be touched by a strange hand. It is marvellous how thin and keen the edge becomes. Why, I have seen axes that would almost do to shave with!

Look at our axemen again. At the same instant the glittering axes describe a half-circle over the shoulder, and fall with a thud on opposite sides of the tree. Half a dozen heavy blows, and a great bark-covered chip falls from each cut on to the snow. Then the blows ring merrily, and quickly the axes gleam and flash. The thermometer is standing at  $-20^{\circ}$  F., but the perspiration stands thick on the foreheads of the axemen, as each tries to “take the heart from the other”—i.e. reach the centre of the tree first.

After about five or six minutes one of the men steps back from the tree and wipes his axe off on his shirt-sleeve. He has “taken the heart,” and the tree, as it is an upright one, will fall towards his cut. Now the tree “begins to talk;” it creaks and groans. Still it stands upright, as though loth to bow its proud head. Another blow or two of the axe, a sharp pistol-like report as the last fibres part asunder, and the lofty top moves slowly through the air. It descends with a crash that is heard far and near,



## The Lumberers of Minnesota

shaking the frozen ground and making the soft snow fly like a cloud of spray.

Now come the sawyers and quickly cut the fallen tree into logs of twelve or more feet in length. The top, with its branches and load of pine-needles, is left to dry and become food for that scourge of the pine region, the forest fire. Here comes "cookee" with lunch, and unless you have a fancy for a cold bite we will return to camp and get warmed up.

Cold pork-and-beans, and frozen bread, and pie, are not a very inviting menu for a winter's day. No one thinks of lighting a fire, but, like the Israelite of old, the lumberman eats this meal in haste, with his loins girded; and he improves upon the old way by eating alone, or wherever he may be when the lunch overtakes him, and instead of coffee or tea to wash his meal down with he sucks a piece of ice or eats some snow.

There is the "tote-team" just driving up to the camp; this is the only means of communication with the outside world.

Every week the "tote-team" makes its arrival at the camp, bringing fresh supplies and the odds and ends that the men have sent after. The driver is the postman, and brings letters from wives and sweethearts and that treasure so dear to every American—the newspaper.

Sunday is a dull day at the camp. No work is done, the time is spent in rest. Washing and mending clothes and writing letters go on on all sides, while not a few spend the time at cards—the lumberman's only amusement.

Now and then a welcome diversion is created by the arrival of the "Preacher," one of the missionaries sent out by the Y.M.C.A. These sturdy pioneers brave the dangers and endure the hardships of a winter in the woods, tramping on foot from camp to camp, drawing on a light sled their modest "baggage" and a tiny Mason and Hamlin organ.

How eagerly the men invite the "Preacher" in; how quickly a place is prepared for him in the warmest corner; how

gladly food is set before him, and all wait patiently until he has eaten! Then someone will say, "Sing for us, Mister!" and the organ is set up in a jiffy, the men crowd round, Sankey's hymn-books are distributed, and "Sweet By-and-Bye," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and other favourites, are heartily sung. Then it is the "Preacher's" turn, and every ear listens respectfully as in homely, forcible words he tells "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." It may seem to be seed thrown "by the wayside," but who can measure the good that may be done thus that our eyes never see? Or who dare say that it is time wasted thus to carry the Gospel to men who without the evangelist are certain not to hear it?

They are rough diamonds, these woodsmen, but honest and true at heart, and have the kindest and tenderest way imaginable with the unfortunate and the afflicted.

It often happens that one of their number gets badly hurt, and has to be sent away to home or hospital. No woman could raise and place him in the "tote-sled" more carefully than his rough comrades. No mother could more thoughtfully caution the teamster to avoid "pitch-holes" and hidden stumps. Then out bustles the cook with a sack of stones that he has been heating in the oven—"to keep your feet warm," he says.

Just as the sled is driving off the foreman jumps on, and, bending over the pile of blankets, forces a purse into the poor fellow's hand. "The boys have all 'chipped in' to give you a good send-off," he says, and jumps off the sled and turns away to avoid being thanked.

Do you think that the rich alone can be liberal? These rough, hard-working men think nothing of giving a *whole month's pay* to an unfortunate comrade. The "tote-teamster" has fed his horses and is ready to go back; so we must bid farewell to the camp. Back again through the woods, beneath the snow-laden boughs, we wend our way to civilisation, cherishing, I trust, a very kindly feeling for the Minnesota lumberman.

R. K. CHAPMAN.



MOTHER HUBBARD

"BUT WHEN SHE CAME BACK HE WAS READING THE NEWS"

## Rag-Day at Islington

THE love of the people for open-air marketing seems irresistible. If a long line of costers' barrows be cleared out of one street, they are bound to appear in another not far distant; and though Cheap Jacks are not permitted to gather a crowd in the London thoroughfares, yet, licensed and legalised, they flourish triumphantly in large numbers and in great variety at the Islington Cattle Market.

Here on every Friday appears a strange and interesting scene. There being no cattle for sale on that day, the market is open for anyone to take a standing who chooses to pay sixpence for it, and the holders of the sixpenny tickets may then sell anything they please from nine in the morning until six at night. The result is as though all the odds and ends and remnant stocks of London were gathered here, together with all the loud cries, Cheap-Jack "patter" and curious lingo that the people love so well.

"'Ere! 'ave you got any money?" asks a Cheap-Jack fishmonger with a touch of scorn. "'Ere's three 'addick as is fit for the Queen, or anybody else, a-goin' for tuppence-a'penny! no, for tuppence! Now, who'll 'ave 'em? Who'll 'ave 'em?" And before the energetic seller has continued to vociferate much longer he has sold his three "'addick" and is gracefully displaying three more on a waste piece of paper and offering them likewise to the gaping crowd.

The "patter" is an essential part of the business. "'Ere's the man what I like," exclaims a stout, elderly woman, one of a dense throng gathered round an oil-cloth vendor. The previous seller, who had been shouting loudly and doing his best, had not struck her fancy at all; he was not so good at the "patter"; he was not so brisk, humorous, or good-naturedly impudent, as the man who now ascended the cart. People who had no thought of buying stood to hear his lava-tide of rubbish with a few grains of common-sense floating on the top, and ten to one before they had listened long they were persuaded that the particular bit of floor-cloth he was offering—which would have made South Kensington shudder, it

was coloured so crudely—was exactly what they required for their little back room.

On the other hand, not far distant stands another floor-cloth Cheap Jack who is a dead failure. He has no "patter." "I don't care if I don't sell nothink," says he, wearily passing his hand over his forehead. "I had the 'ump afore I came, and I ain't up to much now." "Be you a teetotaler?" asks one near by. "No, I ain't," says he, and certainly his face does not belie his words. "'Ere you harr," he continues feebly, unrolling a piece of floor-cloth; "I'll take 'alf-a-crownd—no, two shillin'—eighteenpence for this bit o' cloth, no more and no less."—Bang! And he slaps the cloth with his palm and commences to roll up the piece, as soon as it was opened. Nobody buys. The other man would have exhibited the cloth for five minutes, expatiated on its merits real or assumed, referred to nearly every subject under the sun, invited the closest inspection, thrown in a few remarks as to its manufacture, brought down his original price by one-third or even one-half, and ended by selling it triumphantly at a fair figure.

If any young speaker wishes to study the difference between the dull, mechanical, uninteresting address and the brisk and animated "fetching" harangue, he might do worse than attentively consider two such Cheap Jacks as these. One so deadly a failure is doubtless but rarely to be met with; but a real study of the reasons why one attracts a great crowd and sells largely, while the other engages the attention of but half a dozen persons and sells nothing, might give a budding orator many useful hints.

There seems everything at this gigantic fair. The mellow autumn sun shines wanly down on tresses of false hair, on gay chrysanthemums, on quantities of rusty old iron, on all kinds of old and dilapidated household goods. If John Snooks has lost his latchkey, or if Miss Snooks his daughter determines to set up one for herself, they both may find one here for a penny. And if Mother Hardwork wants a toy for her little son she can pick up a tiny saw for

## Rag-Day at Islington

the same universal coin. She will probably repent the gift before the week is out, because of the marks on her table-legs; but the birthday present has been successfully negotiated for a "panny."

Coster Jerry, of the New Cut or of Whitechapel, wants to sell his donkey. He therefore pays threepence—the charge for bringing in these quadrupeds for sale—and disposes of the gay and festive animal, probably purchasing a new one, should he continue in the same line of business, in its stead. If a horse is in question, the charge is sevenpence-halfpenny; if a cart or carriage, the fee is a shilling. Maybe you have a goat for sale; to exhibit him will cost you threepence. So far as our observations serve, however, more goats appear at the Sunday morning Bird Fair at Club Row, Shoreditch—which, by the bye, affords another remarkable instance of the love of the people for open-air marketing—than on Rag-Day at Islington.

Cracks like pistol shots resound from another corner. A whip vendor is endeavouring to dispose of his wares by Dutch auction, and, commencing at half a crown, he comes down to a shilling, smacking and cracking his goods at every shout with tremendous energy. It is here no doubt that many a cabby and coster fit themselves out; and should they want harness, why, there is some of all kinds lying around.

Springs of carts, wheels, pieces of bicycles, all sorts of odds and ends for the carriage builder and cycle mender, are also here waiting for purchasers. And should you want a winter overcoat, or a pair of pants, large assortments invite your eye. Here are Jews who will furnish you with anything; and that smart new reefer in which 'Arry will keep comp'ny with 'Aryet next Sunday will probably be bought on Rag-Day after much chaffering and bargaining, which is half the fun to buyer and seller alike. Old books are here of course, but not many; and here is Dr. Johnson and his "Rambler" and his "Poets" lying on the cold ground side by side with Howel's portentous and bulky "History of the World." Well bound too is Dr. Johnson. His octavo volumes have evidently stood with dignity in a cherished bookcase. Even a "superior

person" might feel tempted to spend a few shillings at Rag Fair to rescue Dr. Johnson from so ignominious a position.

At every turn there is something different. Do you think of keeping a few fowls? Here are pens of poultry; and, just like human beings, the supercilious geese look down upon the squabbling ducks; while the Brahma-Dorkings and the Minorcas, oblivious alike of geese and ducks, maintain their tireless search for food. Here is a woman staggering home with a big bath, and you are glad she has reached that length in her desire for cleanliness; not far distant toddles a child with a bird-cage; here a young couple are considering the question of carpets; there is a wife bargaining a shirt for her husband. In one spot you are deafened by a Cheap-Jack crockery-ware man, making an amazing noise by rattling his plates together and shouting alarmingly; in another corner a white-haired individual, whose eyes "are not so good as they were," may be seen trying on spectacles; here a small cobbler is buying bits of shoe leather; there a carpenter is slowly chaffering about some old tools.

Anon you see a big stout woman endeavouring to sell flimsy lace by Dutch auction, and, failing utterly, she sinks silent on her chair; yet a little further, and you behold another "lidy" with a soft voice and pleasing modest manner fascinating coppers by the score out of the pockets of young workmen and others for all kinds of small ironmongery. She even persuades a sharp-featured, thin-lipped young woman to buy a door-handle. It is bought with an ill grace, but it is bought—and that is the main thing for the vendor. So here, as in the larger world without, quiet Madam Softvoice appears much more successful than noisy Madam Sharptongue. All the fun of the fair is about you; cries rise and fall—bargaining, chaffering; jokes and small chat eddy and ripple around; there is plenty of human nature to watch and enjoy, and, if you be so minded, to gossip with galore. And these pleasures, with all the noise and excitement, no doubt attract quite as much as the cheapness and variety of the articles for sale on Rag-Day at the Cattle Market at Islington.

F. M. HOLMES.



## Recollections of a Northern Poetess

BETWEEN the years 1875 and 1885, there appeared in various periodicals short poems under the signature "M. H." To those in the habit of judging critically, they were differentiated from the mass of fugitive verse contributed to the Magazines by the revelation of a true and original poetic sensibility, and a considerable gift of artistic presentation. They showed, moreover, a spirit living away from the dusty high-road of every-day existence, yet fully aware of and keenly alive to all that passed upon it. A cheerful, tender strain was the singer's, like that of her own "thrush at dusk." Since her death, Miss Henderson's songs have been gathered up into a little volume entitled *My Garden*, and prefaced by a notice of her life. It is of that I wish to give some individual impressions.

In the winter of 1892 Margaret Henderson had been ordered for her health to Minehead, and it was there, far from her bleak northern home, that I met her. She had, when I saw her first, been for some six weeks a prisoner with bronchitis, and was almost unable to speak. But words were scarcely needed, so expressive was her countenance, one radiant, indeed, beyond any seen by me before or since. Blanched with the long shutting up, it matched in whiteness the

hair that crowned the broad forehead. The whole effect was so suggestive of inner purity, that one felt awe-stricken, gazing as into a shekinah and "blinded with excess of light."

The impression then received deepened during all the eighteen months that followed, until the end. For, from that illness, Miss

Henderson never recovered. Her constitution, weakened by invalidism from early youth, had no rallying power, and, after intervals of partial restoration, finally succumbed. Always she had been largely cut off from life's activities, a privation accepted with deep submission, although there are in the poems many notes indicative of the effort with which the renunciation was made. Of its completeness, and of the joyousness with which she welcomed every alleviation that the "love of love" around her could sug-



Photo by H. H. Hole

MARGARET HENDERSON

gest, those who knew her most intimately could testify most emphatically.

Compensations there were in quiet inner ministry to those who came in contact with her, and in the variety of interests travel brought. To her delight in every natural object each page of *My Garden* bears witness. Until she came to believe that human tendance could never make up to wild creatures for the loss of freedom, a large



## Recollections of a Northern Poetess

aviary was one great source of interest in the long winters during which she was a prisoner—often from October to May.

Birds and flowers figure in almost every page of her songs.

"The time, the time I know not,  
But methinks it was the spring,  
When I heard within the woodland green  
A sweet bird sing.

Oh, sweeter than the thrush at dusk,  
Or linnet on the spray,  
He poured unto the list'ning trees  
His full heart's lay.

Long he sang of Love and gladness,  
Of sun, and wind, and rain,  
But through all the singing wandered,  
Like a low refrain,

'All things are sweet—Love is most sweet,  
And love is life's true gain;  
But only Love in Heaven is Love  
That hath no pain.'

Though not large in bulk, these "Remains," we think all will agree, are fine in quality.

One other of the shorter pieces, one which embodies a deep spiritual truth, we must give; it is entitled, "Answers."

"Because my prayer no Answer brought  
I said, 'It shall not be.  
Others their good have found when sought,  
It is not so with me.'

I made a grave within my heart,  
To hide it from my sight.  
'Dead sorrows,' said I, 'cannot smart,  
Nor withered blossoms blight.'

And then, O wisest Friend and true,  
Who let'st no grief o'erflow;  
Who makest dead things live anew,  
And withered things to grow;

Though we have but our dark and bright,  
Thou hast a boundless store,  
All good lies hidden in Thy sight,  
And grows from more to more.

Thou gavest not my wish again,—  
But love, far-seeing, wise,  
Made patience spring from out the pain,  
Hope break through cloudy skies.

And this I learnt: no prayer we pray  
Strays from the road we mean,  
But climbs on Faith, the sunbeam's ray,  
Into God's great Unseen.

And God makes answer soon or late  
Through sky of smiles or tears,  
He does not count it long to wait,  
He counts not life by years.

952

I will not mourn the altered case  
Of prayer returned to me;  
That which hath seen the Father's face  
For ever changed must be."

To return to personal surroundings, "Fritz," the sole survivor of her feathered pets, hung always in a sunny window in her room; "Rheingraf," her dog, was her invariable companion. To this day whenever a guest arrives to stay in the house, "the Count," as he is familiarly called, rushes forward as fast as his old limbs will bear him, tremulous with inner excitement, as if he cherished still the hope that his beloved mistress might appear. When he sees it is not she, he tones down his eager welcome, and goes back with an air of patient subdued resignation born of sore disappointment. Like that of the bird, his German name testifies to Miss Henderson's love for her adopted land. Year after year had to be spent in Germany for the sake of the treatment that often alleviated her pain, sometimes even gave hope of ultimate cure. When that hope was strongest, she reverted always to the dream of her life—to return to live and work amongst her own people at Thurso. For her love for her native place was deepened, not deadened, by the years of enforced exile. When sometimes, in the long days of June, she was allowed to go back for a month or two, her delight knew no bounds. For her the wild bleak country had joys unknown in softer southern pastures. Its great stretch of sky—in summer one wide translucency for sun and clouds to work their will upon—drew her as to a homeland. From the upper windows of the house she could look straight across to the Orkneys; they and the waters between bathed on June evenings in amethystine lights. Even to strangers there is an irresistible fascination in the little grey Norse town, set in weird loneliness, like an outpost of the world, on the wild shores of the Pentland Firth. In summer, it owes all its beauty to light—the light that is never of such lucent radiance as under the northern skies. Trees will not grow on the exposed uplands. (Only one little group under the sheltering walls of "Ormlie Lodge" has reached something like a dwarf maturity.) At a local public festive gathering I heard some one in authority suggest, that weeping willows should be planted along the river banks. Lugubrious as the commemoration sounded, it had in its favour the fact that in the sheltered

## Recollections of a Northern Poetess

hollows a few bush-like weeping willows have grown. In winter, terrible are the scenes of wreck and ravages wrought by the meeting waters of the Atlantic and the German oceans.

Such experiences, doubtless, helped to give to one born of the native Caithness race the force that, added to her gentleness, was so marked a characteristic of her mind. The family belong to a branch of the clan Gunn that in the old fierce times was for ever struggling with the Keiths for supremacy in the county. There, according to her own wish, she was brought to die, and there the many friends that on the afternoon (wild and stormy even in July) of the funeral, walked the long mile through the

drenching rain to the grave, bore witness of how those who had known her from girlhood loved her to the end. And there in the cemetery above Thor's river she rests, the rush of its wild waters making ceaseless music below her grave—threnody such as, of all others, surely a poet would love and choose. The spot is marked by a white cross, sculptured with the flowers she loved, and a vine-plant, symbol of life's wine of joy won by sacrifice. On it, beneath the name and dates of birth and death, the words, "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me," round into promise of completeness in an everlasting fulfilment the broken purposes of her life.

CLARA E. LARTER.

## How I Spend my Daily Life<sup>1</sup>

FROM ESSAYS CONTRIBUTED TO THE 'LEISURE HOUR' EISTEDDFOD

### IX.—By a Governess

FOR nearly a year my sister and I have been engaged in a kind of joint domestic servant-governess life. Last January we heard of a lady who happened to require at that time both a general servant and a governess for her two little girls. We arranged with her to undertake the duties, so now I am, during alternate weeks, a "general" or a governess. Besides being well-educated we have always been domesticated, so that when my "domestic week" comes round I meet it with equanimity. I am a very early riser, and before breakfast I generally succeed in getting through all the roughest work of the house—particularly such disagreeable work as cleaning steps and brasses. After I have prepared breakfast and played a musical tune upon the gong, I hastily prepare myself to partake of that meal with "the family," as I laughingly call them, viz. Mr. and Mrs. H—, my sister, and the two children. Then I spend a busy morning, for besides the ordinary housemaid's work, I have to do all the cooking, and as bread and cakes are all made at home this is no small item. After dinner and the subsequent clearing-up is over, I usually join my sister and the little girls in their afternoon walk. Very different, however, is my morn-

ing's work during my school-room week, when my sister undertakes the domestic duties. As I have already said, I am an early riser, and every morning of these alternate weeks I do an hour or two's sewing of some description before I have to waken the children. After breakfast I take the latter for a short walk, and then, for a couple of hours, we settle down to lessons, and as my pupils are bright and intelligent I find this a very pleasant time. From noon till our mid-day dinner I am at the service of Mrs. H—, and am usually engaged in writing letters for her. After dinner I give each of my pupils a short music lesson, then accompanied by my sister we go for our usual walk. The earlier part of the evening we generally spend in the school-room with the little girls, for whom we have to find amusement. They go to bed at seven, and then my sister and I are able to spend a couple of hours in study. We read together either good French or German literature or History. We also keep ourselves well up in mathematics, and are now engaged in learning shorthand, in which study Mr. H— has proved himself an efficient tutor.

Our present arrangement, I know, seems strange to those who have never seen how well it works. Our friends said at first that the children's studies would not progress very well

<sup>1</sup> The Essays here given have been selected for publication as typical of different conditions of life.—Ed. L. H.

## How I Spend my Daily Life



with such a continual change of teachers, but we find that they do, for we know each other's plan of work and act accordingly. We find too that the change of occupation is better for us, and is much pleasanter than the unvaried life of either a governess or a domestic servant. There is of course a certain loss of social status caused by our present occupation, but none of our friends whose opinion is worth having will think any the worse of two fatherless girls (both under twenty) because they

have to earn their own living. Our lives are much more interesting and less monotonous than that of a typewriter or lady clerk. We have more time for recreation or amusement. Every Saturday our pupils spend the day with their grandmother, thus leaving us free; and once every month my sister and I take a whole day's holiday, leaving the house in charge of a reliable charwoman.

If my present occupation is less monotonous than that of a "business girl" it is also much more remunerative. Girls who have been well trained are much more economical in the management of a house than are ordinary uneducated generals; and their employers are consequently able to pay them higher salaries. It would be well if more young gentlewomen were to take up this occupation. It would be a solution to the servant problem which would be satisfactory to both girls and employers.

### X.—By a Station-master's Wife

DAILY life begins for me at seven a.m., with three minutes' devotion, in which brief space I seek strength for, and blessings upon, the day for myself and mine, and everybody.

Before proceeding I must say, that I am a wife

and mother, and with limited income; keep no servant; and that my work does not consist alone of housework and the care of my husband and two little girls, aged respectively six years eight months, and two years ten months, but also of teaching the eldest all educational exercises (and although of such tender years, she can compete with the best scholar in standard three), and dressmaking and mending for all. So that with each day my hands and my head are full of work, and there is no such thing as "spare time," but my method is, to do that which is most important first; and I believe in the proverb that "there is time for everything, if one thing is done at a time."

I am not one of the strongest, oftentimes the contrary, but I endeavour to lose no time in the day, and so sometimes leave the heavy work for the light, where it can be done. My husband, who is station-master, comes in to all meals, which must be punctual, beginning at ten minutes to eight a.m. breakfast, one o'clock dinner, five o'clock tea, nine o'clock supper. My little daughter's lesson-time commences at 9.30 a.m. and closes at eleven a.m. The youngest plays almost all day, excepting fine days, when out-door exercise is taken with the eldest, who joins her for play and walks at eleven a.m., broken only by an hour for a good toilet and dinner. I take them out shopping or visiting occasionally, and never go out without them.

We are a mile and a quarter away from our parish or any other church; and I find that to go every Sunday is too much for me, so I make it a rule to go with the children once a fortnight in the morning, which is mean service for me;



## How I Spend my Daily Life

as I do not otherwise than uphold church attendance, I endeavour to fill up the non-attendance by digesting the words of some divine from the best periodicals of the day.

I never indulge in Sunday travelling or walking for the sake of walking. I am very fond of music, but have no instrument, though at the age of thirty-four I am studying the rudiments of music, so that I may some day (if my hopes are not frustrated) teach my children by having an instrument of course, in time.

I close the day, as I begin it, by brief devotion, and sweet is the rest that follows, as only those know who are really tired, and who do not consider life one monotonous round, but a beautiful reality, a preparation for the life Beyond.

### XI.—By a Mother of Six

By the time the early tea is over the boys are at home. They dine at school, but no one would think so. Mother thinks of them when she is cooking, and there is always something substantial for their evening meal, for growing children need generous diet, and the long walk has made them very hungry. Here they come! Books and caps are thrown aside, boots and coats changed, hands and faces washed, and they are busy enough for half-an-hour. How much they have to tell! One is preparing for a stiff examination, one has just begun a new subject. This one has had a hard day that has discovered some new flower or curious insect. How quickly the time goes! Half-past six already! The table is cleared and books come out. Mother thinks home-lessons a great mistake, but duty is duty, and her boys must learn to do disagreeable things bravely and cheerfully. So quiet reigns; and Sunny goes off with mother, who brings her work-basket into the drawing-room and uses her fingers diligently while music or conversation goes on, only slipping away, now to put Sunny to bed, now to give a word of help to one of the scholars in the dining-room.

Perhaps there is a meeting of some society, or people call for advice, or help, or friendly chat, but soon the frugal supper is spread. Father comes in from his meeting, there is a quiet little prayer-time together, and one by one the tired laddies go to bed. Mother gets a minute or two to say "good-night," and is often able to solve some little problem then, or to soothe some grief



or trouble. But she is wanted down-stairs, and the boys must get to sleep as soon as possible. When at length the guests retire, mother puts on her morning-gown and washes up all the things, and puts the kitchen in order for the morning. Then she and father get a few minutes of quiet talk, or mother gets a little time for reading. Often she just takes a chair out of doors and sits quite still, and lets the stars and the cool evening air talk to her of the loving Heart of the Father Who loves and cares for, Who knows and remembers all His children and all their needs. What does it matter that her life is spent in this "trivial round, this common task"! Are not these some of His little ones whom He has entrusted to her care? Can any honour be greater than to have charge of these children of the King? Oh, that she may be kept from making mistakes, from "offending one of these little ones"! But the responsibility is shared, and has not He promised wisdom and help in every time of need? So the weary body and the anxious heart are alike soothed and calmed, and the mother's day ends in sleep as sound and well-nigh as dreamless as that of her children.

# OVER-SEA NOTES

*From Our Own Correspondents*

## The Ottawa and Hull Fire of 1900

SINCE the Chicago fire of 1871, there has scarcely been a city conflagration greater in



OTTAWA: VIEW OF BURNED DISTRICT BEFORE THE FIRE

extent or destructiveness than the Ottawa fire of 1900. The fire broke out about ten o'clock in the morning, in a small working-class home in the city of Hull, which lies on the opposite side of the Ottawa River from the Dominion capital. Hull is an industrial town, and it consisted of thick clusters of wooden houses surrounding the factories and saw-mills. The day was very windy, and the fire spread rapidly, in spite of all the exertions of the Hull and Ottawa firemen. By noon, the main street of Hull and most of its public buildings were on fire, and before one o'clock the great lumber-mills and the piles of lumber on the river bank were

burning fiercely. The river at this point is not wide. Above and below it widens out very considerably; but near the Chaudière Falls and Rapids, which supply the power for many of the factories, the river narrows into a deep and rapid stream. Shortly after the lumber began to burn, the fire leaped the Ottawa River, and attacked a stable and lumber piles on the Ottawa side. The wind had risen even higher than in the morning, and the fire spread in Ottawa as rapidly as it had done in Hull, until, when night fell, the outlook from the bluffs above the city was of a glowing, lurid sea. By this time assistance had arrived from Montreal, and before the morning broke, although there was still cause for anxiety, the fire was under control.

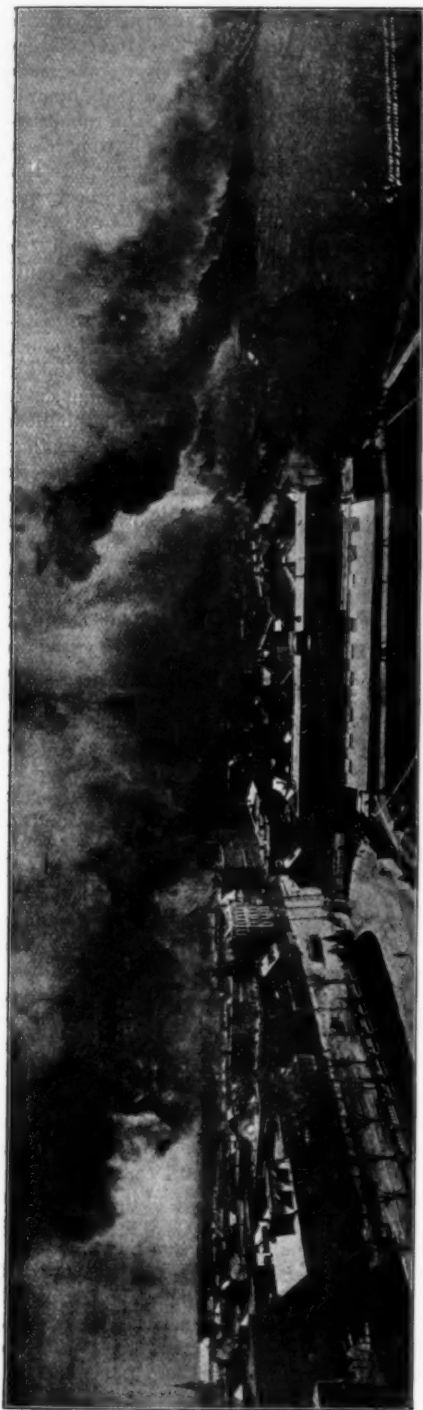
The morning dawned on fifteen thousand homeless men, women, and children, of whom the greater number were absolutely denuded of all their possessions, at the same time that the factories which had given them employment



THE WEST END OF OTTAWA AFTER THE FIRE



## Over-Sea Notes



OTTAWA: SCENE DURING THE FIRE

had also disappeared. Then the generosity, energy, and resourcefulness which are always called out by any great disaster showed themselves. The public buildings, churches, and halls were thrown open as resting-places. Contributions poured in from all parts of the Dominion, from Great Britain, from the sister colonies, from the United States, and from foreign countries. A volunteer committee was organised and incorporated, to receive and distribute the relief, and a start was at once made in feeding, clothing, and housing the destitute families, and in preparing to rebuild the homes and the workshops. It was the third day after the fire before all the people were housed. For two nights many slept in the streets, not knowing where to go to get shelter. Fortunately the weather was very mild, and no serious suffering resulted from this exposure.

The whole loss was estimated at a little over nine and a half million dollars, of which only \$3,855,595 were covered by insurance. The committee prepared forms, which were filled up by those who had sustained losses. Those who were left in reasonable comfort did not share the fund, which was devoted to the relief of the poor alone. Each claim was carefully investigated and filed. When all claims were in, the relief fund was devoted to their payment. The number of claims was 3225, and in the report the committee stated that they had found very few duplicate or fraudulent claims; but had "much pleasure in testifying that on the whole the facts and figures put in were carefully and honestly made." The claims were paid by cheque, and amounted to \$915,108.42. The whole amount contributed to the fund was \$956,962.77 in money, in addition to which there were abundant gifts of food and clothing, which were mostly distributed during the two weeks following the fire. There were also gifts of household furniture, stoves and bedding, and even of such articles as wheelbarrows and sewing-machines. Almost every manufacturing firm in Canada sent a contribution of its product, and railways and express companies gave free carriage to all this unusual freight. The committee found means to utilise every gift. Very few of the families moved away from Ottawa, and help was continued to none longer than was necessary to enable them to become again self-supporting. No member of the committee received any compensation for time or labour spent in the work, and the cost of distributing the fund amounted to less than one and one-half per cent. of its value.

—A. G. P.

## Over-Sea Notes

### Railways in South Africa

It is difficult for those at a distance to realise what an important and even indispensable part the railways in South Africa have played during the war. A perusal of the map may afford some faint idea of the enormous stretches of line running from the ports of Capetown and Durban to the Transvaal capital, but only those who have travelled in the country can really appreciate its physical difficulties, the stupendous obstacles which have to be encountered by the British army in the successful transport of horses, stores, guns, and ammunition.

The Cape Government Railway system is a striking instance in the annals of railway enterprise of steady growth and development, representing an asset of no less than twenty-three millions sterling; and in spite of all the vicissitudes which Cape colonists have experienced, the report of the General Manager of Railways for 1900 states that the net earnings per cent. on capital entitled to interest for the year amounted to no less than £6 5s., showing an increase as compared with 1899 of £1 12s. 5d. per cent. It is pointed out in explanation of so large an augmentation, that although during last year the war rendered it impracticable for the department to carry more than a comparatively small portion of the civil traffic offering, the traffic in troops, guns, ammunition, horses and mules, together with the proportion of civil traffic that was conveyed, far exceeded the ordinary traffic in recent times of peace. It is significant also, that the net earnings for 1900 are the largest achieved since the commencement of the Cape Government Railways, with the exception of the years 1895 and 1896, when the lines of what is now known as the Orange River Colony were owned by the Cape Government.

The average miles of line open in the Cape Colony in 1881 were 937; at the end of 1900 they were 2003. The net profits for the last twenty years were no less a sum than £4,151,889, or nearly six times what they were in 1881.

So far as civil traffic is concerned, the effect of the war has been most disastrous, and at the present time thousands of tons of goods are waiting at the several ports for conveyance up country, as soon as the existing state of affairs terminates. The keeping open of the lines of communication has proved a very difficult and harassing task, as train-wrecking and the destruction of permanent way, bridges, and so on, is constantly occurring, and this in spite of the most vigilant patrolling.

In May last a train took its usual departure from Port Elizabeth, and had not proceeded very far when the presence of the enemy was made evident by the firing of a shot at two hundred yards' distance. Volleys followed in rapid succession, but the engine-driver pushed on, intent on running the gauntlet successfully. In this he was hampered by the fact that the Boers had placed half a truck-load of stones on the line.

The engine-driver was shot through the thigh, but he heroically pushed on, and would in all probability have escaped with his train, had the line not been beset with impediments. The passengers, twelve in number, including two women and a child, were told to lie down flat, and it was well they did so, as the carriages were simply riddled with bullets. The engine and tender were struck no less than twenty-one times. For several minutes after the train stopped the Boers continued to fire, the last few shots being at a distance of fifteen yards only. Twenty mounted men then approached the train, turned the passengers out on the veldt, and set fire to the carriages, subsequently looting the guard's van, and taking off mails and valuables. An attempt was also made to fire the trucks, but this proved unsuccessful, as they contained principally compressed hay and some general goods. All possible damage having been done, the enemy moved away, and the unfortunate passengers had to tramp to the nearest station. I give this as an instance of the present exasperating state of affairs, and the imminent peril attending railway travelling just now. Many more graphic and thrilling stories of a similar nature could be related.

Notwithstanding the practically dual control which has prevailed on the Cape Government Railways since the outbreak of hostilities, no friction has ensued, and the department has worked most harmoniously with the military authorities, as is evidenced by the following extract from a letter addressed to the General Manager by Lord Roberts, a few days after his departure from South Africa—"I must take this opportunity of conveying to you, and to all those under you, the most grateful thanks of myself as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa for the ready and able assistance you have always given to the military authorities. I wish I could have found some opportunity to publicly thank you and your subordinates, but time would not permit of this, and I must ask you to let this letter be the medium of conveying to them my most sincere appreciation of their efforts on behalf of the army in South Africa."—W. S. F.

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

## Vesuvius in Eruption

THE occasional eruptions of Vesuvius serve to remind us that this volcano must not yet be counted among those which have ended their active lives. Last year a series of eruptions of unusual magnitude occurred, which were given exceptional value on

bombs was about six hundred yards from the bottom of the crater out of which they were ejected. The largest block thrown out is here shown; it weighed thirty tons, and had a volume of about four hundred cubic feet. This block was in the air for seventeen seconds, and reached the ground with a velocity of about two thousand five hundred feet per second.



CLOUDS OF STEAM AND ROCK FRAGMENTS  
EJECTED BY VESUVIUS IN 1900

account of the excellent series of observations made of the phenomena by Professor R. V. Matteucci, from whose paper in the Bulletin of the Italian Seismological Society the accompanying illustrations have been reproduced. Before the period of activity commenced, the lava at the bottom of the crater of Vesuvius was more than two hundred yards from the rim. This depth, however, gradually diminished, until the molten rock was about eighty yards from the surface, when a series of violent explosions commenced, several of which are here represented. The clouds of steam and gas discharged by these explosions were often accompanied by fragments and masses of molten rock, as shown in the central picture. The greatest height reached by these volcanic

On one occasion Professor Matteucci was in the crater of Vesuvius when an explosion, accompanied by the ejection of numerous large and small fragments, occurred; and though he was able to make some valuable observations, he has no desire to repeat the experience. These explosions were attributed to the exceptional rainfall of the time, which, filtering through the volcanic cone, penetrated to the lava and was suddenly converted into steam.



THE LARGEST VOLCANIC BOMB EJECTED BY VESUVIUS IN 1900

## The Source of Pitch

THE celebrated Pitch Lake at La Brea is the most remarkable characteristic of the island of Trinidad. Pitch is dug out of this lake and shipped to all parts of the world for paving purposes, the annual output being more than a hundred

## Science and Discovery

thousand tons. The pitch is dug out in blocks to a depth of three or four feet, but as soon as the excavation ceases the hole begins to fill, and after four or five days no trace of it can be seen. An illustration of the lake, reproduced from the *Scientific American*, is here given to show the general character of the surface. The lake lies in a basin-like depression on a low hill, and presents every appearance of being in the crater of a volcano. The rim of the crater is from three to six feet higher than the general level of the lake, and borings show that the basin is funnel-shaped, the pitch being much more shallow at the sides than near the middle. Semi-liquid pitch and gases are constantly bubbling up from a blow-hole near the centre of the crater, and the pitch is here so soft that a man will slowly sink into it, and would probably in

purposes of examination. As the result of the investigation, it was concluded that cosmic dust is falling imperceptibly and continually upon the earth, and that it possesses characteristics which enable it to be discriminated from the dust due to volcanic eruptions on the earth or discharged from chimneys of houses and manufactories. Professor W. N. Hartley and Mr. H. Ramage have just come to a similar conclusion from an examination of a number of specimens of dust from different sources. Dust which falls directly from the clouds in hail, snow, sleet or rain is found to be remarkably uniform in composition—each specimen containing the same proportions of iron, nickel, copper and other metals. In volcanic dust the heavy metals, such as lead and iron, only occur in small proportions, the main constituents



THE PITCH LAKE OF TRINIDAD, SHOWING THE ASPHALT AND POOLS OF WATER ON IT

time be engulfed. The water filling the channels in the surface of the lake is clear rain-water, but on account of the minerals dissolved in it the native negroes come from some distance to bathe in it for various ailments.

### Showers of Dust from Space

OBSERVATIONS of the number of shooting stars which on the average appear in an hour on any fine night, lead to the conclusion that no less than forty million particles of dust fall into the earth's atmosphere from space every twenty-four hours, and are consumed by the heat due to friction against the air. It occurred to Baron Nordenskjöld some time ago to see whether any traces of these fragments from space could be found in the ice and snow of Arctic regions, and many tons of ice and snow were melted in order to obtain the dust particles from it for the

being lime, magnesia and the alkalies. Dust collected in the middle of November 1897, when the earth was passing through a part of space near a swarm of meteorites, proved to be totally unlike the volcanic dust and that from various chemical and metallurgical works. The dust fell for the most part on a perfectly calm night, and there is no doubt it came from outer space. The observations thus give additional evidence for the view that the earth is steadily accumulating material, though the amount is too small to be of any practical importance.

### Machinery in Rice Fields

THE adoption of the use of machinery in the rice fields of the United States, similar to that used in the great wheat fields of California and the Dakotas, is resulting in a revolution in methods of cultivation. In Louisiana rice is

harvested and thrashed by machinery, one of the steam thrashers used being here shown at work. It is easy to understand that by handling crops in this way America will be able greatly to increase its rice production. After the abolition of slavery the quantity of rice produced in the swamps of Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana decreased very greatly, but during the past few years there has been quite an awakening as to the importance of the industry, and the annual crop is now far greater than it was before slavery was abolished. By the use



THRASHING RICE IN SOUTH-WESTERN LOUISIANA

of machinery, the American rice-grower, though employing higher-priced labour than other rice-growers in the world, will ultimately be able to market his crop at the least cost and the greatest profit.

The average height of a wave in the open sea rarely exceeds 28 feet from trough to crest, even during a gale of hurricane force. Exceptional waves have, however, been found by Dr. Vaughan Cornish to be as much as 40 feet high during a storm. During an ordinary gale the average height is only 14 or 15 feet, and about 8 or 9 feet in a strong breeze.

Trap-door spiders cover up their burrows with lids made of flattened pellets of earth stuck together with silk or other adhesive material. A naturalist in Western Australia records that he found recently a burrow with a trap-door made with a sixpence. The coin had probably been swept out of a tent with rubbish, and was utilised by the spider as a lid for its nest.

The Mississippi river is depositing material upon its delta in the Gulf of Mexico at the rate of 360 million tons a year. Some of this material has been carried for a distance of more than 3000 miles before it is deposited, and if the whole of it had to be carried by boats for half this distance at the rate of one-tenth of a penny per ton per mile, the annual cost of transport would be about 238 million pounds.

Certain substances emit radiations having similar properties to Röntgen rays. If a little of one of these substances is put in a gutta-percha bag and carried on the arm for a few days, the rays penetrate the bag and act on the skin to such an extent that serious inflammation is caused. Six hours' exposure is sufficient to inflame the skin if the substance is contained in a glass tube fastened outside the coat sleeve. Evidence has been obtained that the effect is caused by small particles carrying electric charges; and the minuteness of the

particles may be judged by the fact that a calculation shows that a square inch of radiating surface would take about one thousand million years to lose one-tenth of a grain of material.

Mr. Luxemburg has made a detailed inquiry into the means of rendering motor-cars driven by electricity more economical than they are at present. He concludes that unless a car can be constructed with wheels more than eight feet in diameter, all hope must at present be abandoned of building electrical vehicles for cross-country purposes, to compete with benzine-cars capable of travelling one hundred miles on one charge, at twenty miles an hour.

Owing to their isolation on both flanks of the Pyrenees, many primitive institutions persist among the Basques. In some places the eldest daughter takes precedence over all the sons in inheritance. The remarkable custom in which the father takes to his bed on the birth of a child, was attributed to these people by Strabo, and is believed not to have died out completely at the present day.



# VARIETIES.

## A Favourite Quotation

IN the obituary of a daily newspaper we read not long since the announcement of a lady's death, with this filial lament attached, "What is home without a mother?"

"Peace, perfect peace."

In the *Daily News* the other day just under the marriages came a wedding at Islington, the bride described as second daughter of a lady deceased "of most blessed memory," and following the announcement came in startling prelude to the honeymoon, these lines again:

"Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown;  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

## The Books of West Ham

EAST LONDON is gradually making good its claim in various ways to its share in the intellectual life of the metropolis. The Subject Index, prepared by Mr. Alfred Cotgreave, the Chief Librarian of the West Ham Public Libraries, is an admirable illustration of the zeal and energy which are being put forth in many departments. The work was a labour of love to the author, who gave almost all his leisure time for some years to its compilation, and made the requirements of many readers rather than those of the few his guiding rule. The seven hundred and fifty pages of which it now consists, embodying a hundred thousand references, give clue to a vast body of information. The names of books are often a delusive and insufficient guide in research, and an endeavour is therefore made to indicate subject and main contents, while reference is also made to special articles. The brief notes and frequent dates attached give additional value to the volume, which should have a place in public libraries everywhere, and would be found serviceable also on many private shelves. Mr. Cotgreave advocates a systematic co-operative effort to secure a Contents Index which should cover contemporary literature. This would leave many things of the greatest value outside, and would include much that another generation would willingly let perish. Meanwhile, Miss Hetherington's Index has followed the example set by Poole, the late librarian of Chicago, and by judicious and comprehensive workmanship has secured a place among current books of reference. It is interesting to note that the Library and Institute of West Ham were opened by Mr. T. Passmore Edwards, whose long services to popular literature cannot

be forgotten, and that the Museum attached bears his name, as one building among a number which he has raised.

## The Distribution of Various Forms of Caligraphy in Europe

IN *Petermann's Mitteilungen* Professor Henkel publishes an interesting map showing the geographical distribution of the various forms of writing on the European continent, now and at various periods since the Middle Ages. It would appear that caligraphy can almost as entirely distinguish a nation as language itself. During the Middle Ages the various forms of writing were identified with the various forms of religion, Catholic Christianity using the Latin character, and Orthodox Christianity the Greek and its offshoot the Cyrillic. During the later Middle Ages the Latin character used in many portions of Western Europe became more ornamental, and what is now known as the German Gothic character arose. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Latin races returned to the old Roman form, while Germans, Scandinavians, and the Western Slavic races, which drew their type from Germany, continued to use the Gothic character. It was not until the nineteenth century began that the victory of the Latin character began to be manifest in every part of Europe except in Germany. According to Dr. Henkel's map, the Gothic character is now only used in the Fatherland, in a small portion of the Baltic provinces of Russia, and in Norway. The Roman character rules in England, France, the Netherlands, Belgium, Sweden and Finland, Hungary, Bohemia, Roumania, Italy, Spain and Portugal. The Cyrillic character (called after the Russian-Greek monk Cyril) is used in Russia, Servia and Bulgaria, the Greek in Greece and Southern Albania. In addition to these the Arabic character is used by the Mahomedans of Turkey, and on the lower Volga the Kalmyks use Mongolic letters. A small section of Jews still use the Hebrew letters to transliterate modern languages. It might be added that whereas it is not probable that Roman letters will be introduced into Russia owing to the peculiar sounds of the language of that country, it is not unlikely that a few years will see a change in Germany, where large sections of the people and a strong party among educationalists are in favour of the abolition of the crabbed Gothic character, and the substitution of the more legible letters known as Roman.—M. A. M.

### A New Bridge for New York

WITHIN the next four years, if the plans of the promoters materialise, New York City will possess the largest bridge in the world. The North River Bridge Company has secured the necessary charter to span the Hudson (North River) between Hoboken and New York City, and work will be begun on the enormous structure as soon as satisfactory negotiations are concluded with the railroad companies involved. Besides having sixteen tracks for railroad trains, the bridge will contain trolley tracks, driveways, bicycle-paths and footpaths. The cost of the structure, including approaches and railroad terminal, it is estimated will be \$80,000,000 (£16,000,000). The great convenience this bridge will be to the public is easily appreciated when it is remembered that all railroad travel passing through New York from New England to the south is now broken by the ferry over the Hudson. Moreover, thousands of residents in suburbs of New York who are now compelled to take the ferry, will by the new bridge be carried in one conveyance to their places of business. Passengers from New York going west will also be benefited, since they will be able to take the Pennsylvania and other lines in New York, instead of crossing the river to Jersey City, as is now necessary. Travel between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and New York will likewise be unbroken, and the running time between the cities consequently reduced. All these conveniences will be incalculable boons, not only to New Yorkers, but to the general travelling public, and it is certain that all America at least will watch the progress of the bridge with great interest.—A. B. R.

### Rummage Sales in America

THE rummage sale is of recent origin in the United States, being practically a growth of the past year. It is true that American department stores have long sold remnants and damaged lots of goods in special sales and at bargain prices, but such sales by no means constitute the rummage sale of modern parlance. In the modern rummage sale three parties are concerned—the manager, the contributor, and the purchaser. The management of the sale is generally entrusted to a committee, whose primary duty it is to thoroughly advertise the approaching sale and to secure an abundance of contributors. Expressmen are commissioned to call at the houses of the prospective donors, and collect everything and anything they may be willing to contribute. Crippled chairs, three-legged tables, faded garments, old hats, and a thousand other articles only to be classified as "rummage" are generally gathered. Nothing is considered too dilapidated or worn, as it is often found that the worst specimens are eagerly purchased. After the articles are deposited by the expressmen in a vacant store or dwelling rented for the purpose in a slum section of the city, the committee in charge sorts over the

articles and fixes the price on each. The sale is then thrown open, and generally continues for two or three days. It is remarkable to find how eagerly customers from the poor sections of the city make examinations and purchases, while it is even more remarkable to note what amounts of money are taken in at the sales. A church in Philadelphia, for example, raised about \$400 (£80) by a rummage sale of this kind; a Sunday-school class in Chicago took in \$300 (£60) by another; while church debts all over the country have been entirely or largely removed by them. To the contributor the rummage sale is no burden, since it removes free of charge abandoned articles which would otherwise involve expense in carrying away. To the purchaser, it is a decided boon, since it supplies him at bargain prices with articles which are still useful.—A. B. R.

### Astronomical Notes for September

THE Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises on the 1st day of this month at 5h. 14m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 46m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 5h. 30m., and sets at 6h. 23m.; and on the 21st he rises at 5h. 46m., and sets at 6h. 0m. He will be vertical over the equator at 6 o'clock on the evening of the 23rd, which is therefore the day of the autumnal equinox this year. The Moon will enter her Last Quarter at 1h. 27m. on the afternoon of the 5th; become New at 9h. 19m. on the evening of the 12th; enter her First Quarter at 1h. 33m. on the morning of the 21st; and become Full at 5h. 36m. on that of the 28th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, at half-past 7 o'clock on the evening of the 1st; in apogee, or farthest from us, about 5 o'clock on that of the 17th; and in perigee again at 6 o'clock on that of the 29th. No eclipses, or other special phenomena of importance, are due this month. The Moon passes very near the star Beta Capricorni on the evening of the 23rd, but does not actually occult it. The planet Mercury may become visible in the evening about the end of the month, situated in the eastern part of the constellation Virgo. Venus is moving in a south-easterly direction through the same constellation, passing a short distance to the south of Kappa Virginis on the 20th, and entering Libra towards the end of the month, during the whole of which she sets soon after 7 o'clock in the evening. Mars is still visible for some time after sunset in the south-western part of the sky, but continues to diminish in brightness; he is situated in the constellation Libra, and will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 17th. Jupiter is in Sagittarius, setting now a little before midnight, and by the end of the month about 10 o'clock in the evening; he is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 21st. Saturn is almost stationary in Sagittarius, a short distance to the east of Jupiter.

W. T. LYNN.

# WIVES. MOTHERS. AND MAIDS.

## *Counsel and Confidences*

### **The Man Speaks**

WE had been discussing education with our visitor. It is a favourite theme; there comes a time when it dominates every other, at the period, that is to say, when we recognise that we remain learners till the very end of the chapter, and only close the book of time, with its vivid and sometimes poignant lessons, to open the sequel with the fresh interests as well as the solutions of eternity.

Some of us had advanced arguments of the frequent and trite order against certain branches of education, as that dead languages are quite dead and our business here makes for living and practical things; that science is more likely to interest the learner and to prove of service; that many people have lived long and been quite happy without any mathematical knowledge; that modern languages are a comfortable possession when you go abroad. Most of us measured utilities by our own experience, a not infrequent habit, and one likely to lead to confusion in the mind of the listener.

"The mistake in all education," said our visitor, "is that too little is learned of each subject; when we have caught its catchwords we think we understand it. Now the object of all education is to enable us to live harmoniously with our fellow-creatures, to improve them individually for the general good, and to improve ourselves to the level of their greatest excellence. The essentials are, first, to learn to discern between right and wrong; second, to acquire power to choose the right, even when the right is difficult, or, it may be, dangerous to our immediate comfort and well-being. Those who can do this are educated to their highest level. The preliminary steps that lead to this result are, first, the habit of observation; second, the faculty of reasoning from observation, and, as affecting our intercourse with our kind, the power to express lucidly and convincingly the impressions we have received and the conclusions we have drawn. Teach men and women the unity of the human race, the importance of their individual actions regarded as parts of one harmonious whole, and they have acquired the essential elementary first lesson in wisdom and right living. But let them assume that they are free-lances, privileged to skirmish among their kind and use offensive weapons *ad libitum*

for their own personal advantage, 'making their pile,' or gathering their laurels when and by what means they may, and enemies of all racial progress are evolved. Whatever helps us most to become wise, reasonable, just, to desire no more than our fair share in a populous world; whatever makes us anxious to help the handicapped and the weak over the barriers, so that they also may attain their fair share, that is the essential in education.

"The majority need to earn their living, and whatever renders that earning as easy and as pleasant as possible, whatever gives facilities for the successful practice of their future industry, demands special study. As regards the moral effect, planing a board to perfection is as elevating as the correct composition of a hexameter. But for culture apart from the idea of pecuniary reward, I have personally found great pleasure in the study of ancient classics. I do not think we can master our own language properly until we have a standard of comparison in another. Now Greek and Latin are the most perfect and highly finished of languages, and they do not develop or change, or undergo modifications, like languages still in use. Their construction opens a new verbal world to the student, who, while reading Greek or Latin aloud, also learns the important art of clear articulation.

"Again, turning a piece of English prose or poetry into another language, especially into a precise and formal language, enables us much better to estimate its beauties. I question if any one ever handled his own language like an adept who had not complete mastery of at least one other. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, thought that translation of some great writer, line by line, word for word, so steeped the reader's mind in the author's ideas that involuntarily he subsequently radiated the brilliance thus acquired. But any language understood sufficiently to render the perusal of its literary masterpieces a pleasure would prove as educative as any other. I do not hold any brief for classics as against modern languages, I merely observe that in the former I have personally found more pleasure.

"It must be borne in mind that a knowledge of vocabularies does not of itself involve a cultured mind. A courier may be able to transact business, to buy and sell, secure apartments, and order a meal through the medium of

## Wives, Mothers, and Maids

half-a-dozen languages without being necessarily a person of more cultured intelligence than any of the tourists whom he conducts through foreign lands. And this brings us back to our original premises that all knowledge which facilitates the business of life is a valuable possession, but that the knowledge which widens the sympathies, raises the ideal, and fosters the spirit of justice stands on a higher plane. The 'little knowledge' of anything which enables us to judge with contumely, as babies do of the alphabet, is more dangerous than absolute ignorance."

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Mrs. K. D., Bridgend.*—For the information you require, apply to the Editor of *Workers Together*, Cromlyn, Rathowen, Co. Westmeath, Ireland.

*V. M. C.*—I am always glad to answer questions regarding health, its preservation and restoration, as far as my knowledge extends. A twitching eyelid is a very annoying affection though not of serious import, a fortunate circumstance in view of the fact that it is not likely to yield to local treatment. It is a nervous affection which frequently passes away after a period of rest, or when the general health improves. It may arise after a season of undue fatigue, worry or anxiety, and is a premonition that an interval of rest or of activity,

a general change from familiar usages, is desirable.

*Fidget.*—Itchiness of the scalp, accompanied by copious fall of the hair, is indirectly traceable to the nervous system, but is generally directly due to excessive secretion by the sebaceous or oil glands which surround the hair follicles. No application will be as serviceable as weekly washing and thorough drying of the hair. Two beaten raw eggs in the water (preferably the yolks only), or a teaspoonful of borax, or a teaspoonful of powdered washing soda, will make a satisfactory shampoo medium, a second water without anything added to be used. When drying the hair, rub the scalp thoroughly for twenty minutes or half-an-hour, as this will promote circulation and help to restore the general tone of the surface of the head.

*Belle.*—A capital and dainty little booklet, very suitable for a gift to girls, is *Soul Culture*, by the Rev. J. Brand Scott, B.D. It consists of three articles on the ideal woman, the ideal man, and the ideal home, all rich in suggestion. The book is daintily bound in white and gold, and is published at 1s. by James Edgar, High Street, Hawick, N.B.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



(Prize Photo by Miss Blanche Fitz-Gibbon, *The Leisure Hour* Elsteddfod.)



# The Fireside Club

(See Special Conditions for Colonial Readers)

## PRIZE QUOTATIONS

### Some Mixed Metaphors

"Since our last issue the company has made vast strides, but do not let us rest on our oars, or we shall fall into the fire."—*From annual record of a Lancashire Volunteer Battalion.*

"The apples of discord have been sown in our midst, and if they be not nipped in the bud, they will burst into a conflagration, and deluge the world."—*Old Divine.*

"There is not a single view of human nature which is not sufficient to extinguish the seeds of pride."—*Addison.*

"A skeleton that lays the keel of a much-needed reform and takes a long stride forward."—*Said recently in a London paper of the Education Bill.*

"The very recognition of these is a mortal wound to that keystone upon which the arch of mortality reposes."—*De Quincey.*

"We have this sum as a nest egg laid by for a rainy day."—*Report of a Charity.*

"We will march forth with our axes on our shoulders, and plough the mighty deep, so that our gallant ship Temperance shall sail gloriously over the land."—*Speech at one of J. B. Gough's meetings.*

"The British Lion, whether roaming the burning sands of India, or climbing the forests of Canada, will never draw in his horns, or retire into his shell."—*An Unknown M.P.*

"Ideas rejected peremptorily at the time, often rankle and bear fruit by and by."—*Charles Reade.*

"We too have an umbrella, and when it is unfurled it will speak with no uncertain sound, and ere long will float in the eye of day to a sure and certain victory."—*A Conservative orator, at the time when the Gladstone umbrella was talked about.*

"You are standing on the edge of a precipice which will one day hang like a millstone round your necks."—*Speech in Parliament.*

"I smell a rat; I see it floating before me in the air; and I will proceed to nip it in the bud."—*(?)*

The Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS is awarded to M. Calvert, 264 Great Clowes Street, Manchester.

966

## SHAKESPEARIAN SEARCH ACROSTICS

SECOND SERIES.

(May to August.)

TWO GUINEAS will be awarded to successful solvers of this series of four Acrostics. Answers to the first three Acrostics are as follows:—

### First of Four LAW

Required Words.

Love.	King John, Act III.
Antidote.	Macbeth, Act V.
War.	Coriolanus, Act IV.

WHOLE	
LAW.	Henry V., Act IV.

### Second of Four CHURCH

Required Words.

Cloth.	Henry V., Act II.
Hand.	2 Henry IV., Act IV.
Ulysses.	2 Henry VI., Act III.
Rumour.	2 Henry IV., Act IV.
Candle.	Twelfth Night, Act IV.
Him.	Henry VIII., Act IV.

WHOLE	
CHURCH.	Taming of the Shrew, Act III.

### Third of Four MEDICINE

Required Words.

Mirth	Merchant of Venice, Act I.
Eyes.	Merry Wives of Windsor, Act III.
Droop.	King John, Act V.
* Emulation.	Coriolanus, Act I.
Causeless.	All's Well that Ends Well, Act II.
I.	Coriolanus, Act IV.
Never.	Henry IV., Act IV.
Excellencies.	Twelfth Night, Act II.

WHOLE	
MEDICINE.	Othello, Act III.

\* This word is out of place, as competitors have noted, but the slip does not affect the scoring. It had been marked for use in another Acrostic, and the quotation which should have been given occurs some lines earlier in the same passage, "no surer, no, than is the coal of fire upon the —," the required word being ICE.

The answer to the Fourth Acrostic of the series will appear in October.



# Our Chess Page

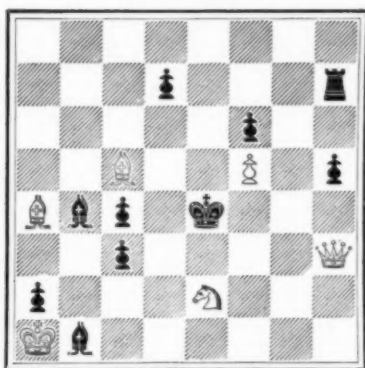
## Solving Competitions, Problems, and Award.

Three more problems are given for solution in the Competition announced in July, solutions of which must be in our hands by October 10 from Europe, and December 15 from other parts of the world.

This competition will close next month.

No. 5. By F. W. ANDREW.

BLACK—10 MEN

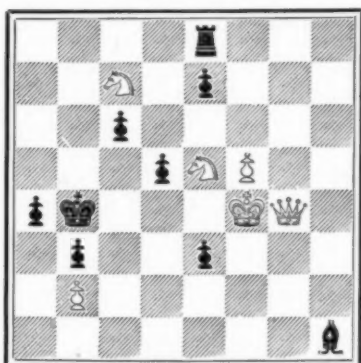


WHITE—6 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 6. *Chestnut*. By W. C. BOWYER.

BLACK—9 MEN

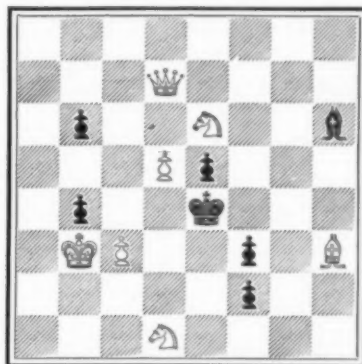


WHITE—6 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 7. *Suum Cuique*.

BLACK—7 MEN



WHITE—7 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

## SPRING SOLVING COMPETITION

### EXAMINERS' AWARD.

#### Prize-Winners—

**Two Guineas each:** STEPHEN WM. FRANCIS, 6 Tilehurst Road, Reading; REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT, Madeira Avenue, Worthing.

**One-and-a-half Guineas:** A. DANIEL, 12 Barrack Street, Leeds; A. WATSON, Crowthorne, Berks; E. J. WINTER-WOOD, Kenwick, Paignton.

**One Guinea:** N. HARROP, 4 Pendennis Street, Anfield, Liverpool.

**Half-a-Guinea:** J. BRYDEN, 72 Worpole Road, Wimbledon, S.W.

All the prize-winners solved every problem correctly, and discovered the four "cooks" in Problems 10, 14 and 15. The solutions, however, were by no means equal, hence the classification.

The following competitors found the authors' solutions to every problem, and discovered three of the "cooks." They must, therefore, be

#### Most Highly Commended.

J. BATHO, J. M. CREBBIN, WM. J. CROSBY, J. W. DIXON, G. HEATHCOTE, C. HINDELANG, THOS. HUBBLE, JOHN HEPWORTH SHAW.

## Our Chess Page

### Very Highly Commended.

I. Authors' solutions and two "cooks" found.

H. BALSON, REV. G. M. MCARTHUR, G. W. MIDDLETON, WM. B. MUIR.

II. Authors' solutions and one "cook" found.

H. D'O. BERNARD, C. H. HEMMING, EUGENE HENRY, F. W. M., JOHN GARDNER SAVAGE, JOHN TAYLOR, FREDERICK U. WILHELMY.

III. Only Authors' solutions given.

C. ANGER, A. C. CHALLENGER, PERCY GRIFFITH, WM. HALL, ARTHUR JAS. HEAD, WM. MEARS, R. T. MILFORD.

A further list of Competitors deserving commendation will be given next month.

In last month's issue there was a misprint in

the solutions. The third solution to Problem 15 should, of course, be R x P ch. and not Q x P.

The British Chess Company having generously offered prizes of Men and Boards for Correspondence Matches between the readers of one Chess Column and another, the *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement* has courteously challenged us. We hope shortly to announce that the details have been arranged, and that the match is in progress.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket on the Contents page of advertisements.*

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## The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

### RESULTS OF COMPETITION 16

"SUBJECTS FOR DEBATING SOCIETIES"

#### First Prize, One Guinea:

R. T. MILFORD, Yockleton Hall, Shrewsbury.

#### Two Prizes, Half-a-Guinea each:

MISS M. J. EVANS, West Villa, Dunstable; H. GANDER, "Burlington," Sedgley Road, Winton, Bournemouth.

#### Very Highly Commended:

RICHARD NEILSON, MARY SKINNER, MRS. CONNOLD.

#### Highly Commended:

MISS M. A. HOWLETT, FREDERICK T. LIGHT, M. GRACE SEWELL, WILLIAM H. CHEETHAM.

#### Commended:

MISS ELSIE G. COOK, M. C. DEUTSCHENDORFF, REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT, JANET M. PUGH, W. J. FLATMAN, MISS SPENDER, G. E. MOFFAT, HENRY J. TAYLOR, ARTHUR J. WITHEYCOMBE, IDA M. SILVER, ALICE NEWBOLD, MISS M. ANDERSON.

[N.B.—We hope to publish, in a subsequent number, a selection of these subjects.]

## A NEW COMPETITION

*A Prize of FIVE GUINEAS and a Prize of THREE GUINEAS will be awarded to the Competitors who send*

### *THE BEST SUMMARY IN VERSE*

*of the Advertisements appearing in the November number of "The Leisure Hour."*

*The best poem or poems will appear in our January number, 1902. For further particulars see our November number.*

# SUFFERING WOMEN

**I**T is appalling to think of the number of women who go on day after day suffering without any hope of being cured. It is just these apparently hopeless cases that medical science seeks to cure by some new method. Because one treatment has failed it does not follow that others will be equally useless. The woman who drags about the house feeling lifeless and without energy knows that something is wrong, but cannot state any definite ailment or find the cause of so much weariness.

The cause does not matter; **FORGET THAT** and all the other things you have tried in vain; **BUT REMEMBER** that there is one medicine which has earned the gratitude of thousands of women in all parts of the world—women who have been in quite as hopeless a state as that depicted above. Now their lives are happy, and they bless the day when **BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS** proved its wonderful powers.

This statement is **NO MERE ROMANCE**, but can be fully proved by evidence upon evidence. Just, as one example, take the following case:

## FIVE YEARS' SUFFERING ENDED.

"17, Edmund Street, Northampton.  
"Dear Sirs,—I have been taking your Bile Beans now for eight weeks, and I can say they have perfectly cured me. I have had a bad head for five years, and have spent no end of money without relief, until I found the right thing at last. I feel like another woman, and would not be without them. I have told all my friends about them, and they can hardly believe it, knowing how I have suffered for years. You can make what use you like of this—Yours truly, MRS. KNIGHT."

Bile Beans are the World's greatest specific for Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Debility, Anaemia, and all Liver ailments.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ and 2/6 per box, or post free from the proprietors.

## FREE SAMPLE.

**BILE  
BEANS  
FOR  
BILIOUSNESS**

Send a penny stamp to pay postage, and mention this magazine, and the proprietors will forward you a free sample of Bile Beans.

Address—  
**THE BILE BEAN  
MANUFACTURING  
CO.,  
119 and 120,  
London Wall,  
E.C.**



# CADBURY'S

## COCOA

*THE LANCET (May 27th, 1899) says:*  
 "The statement that Cadbury's Cocoa is an absolutely pure article cannot be controverted in view of the results of analysis which in our own hands this excellent article of food has yielded."

**ABSOLUTELY PURE,  
THEREFORE BEST.**

**IMPROVED—REQUIRES NO HEATING.**  
WARRANTED INDISSOLUBLE WITHOUT PREPARATION.

**CAUTION.—See that you get**  
**JOHN BOND'S**  
**"CRYSTAL PALACE"**  
**MARKING INK**

*As supplied to the Royal Households.*  
 Is the Original and only Genuine. Refuse any not bearing the Trade Mark, Crystal Palace. Awarded 45 Gold Medals and Grand Diplomas for Superior Excellence.

**GIVEN AWAY,** bottle, a voucher entitling purchaser to their Name or Monogram Rubber Stamp, also an improved Linen Stretcher with the 1. size. *8s 6d everywhere; and direct, post free.* Works—75, Southgate Rd., London, N.

## "Elfin" JELLIES

**LATEST and BEST, PERFECTLY PURE,  
and of HIGH UNIFORM QUALITY.**

*Prepared from COX'S FAMOUS GELATINE of British Manufacture. They are as cheap and far and away Superior to other Tablets, which are often made from cheap foreign gelatines, and inferior material.*

*Made in a few minutes. Delightfully flavoured, and form a delicate, dainty dish for Luncheon, Dinner, or Supper. Send a postcard (naming your Grocer) and you will receive a free sample.*

**J. & G. COX., Ltd. (of Edinburgh),  
Eastcheap Buildings, LONDON, E.C.**

# BIRD'S CUSTARD

*The unfailing resource of  
every Lady of the House and  
successful Housekeeper.*

**BIRD'S CUSTARD** is Pure, cream-like, nutritious, and easily digested, therefore is eminently suitable for invalids. It is a wholesome, delicious article of diet for universal consumption. Eggs often disagree; Bird's Custard never.

**POWDER**

**NO EGGS!**

**NO RISK!**

**NO TROUBLE!**



# Pears

## SOAPMAKERS

To His Majesty

# THE KING

RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BUNNAY.

Treats in American Sevens